Woolf, Virginia
[Flush] Life, character and opinions of Flush. Chapter Two. Life in London -- Chapter Five. Last years and death. Holograph draft, unsigned, dated July 31, 1931. 87 p. (bd.28cm.)

P.3-165: [Flush] Life, character and opinions of Flush. Chapter Two -- Chapter Five. 87 p.

- P.57* The rape.
- P.63: Chapter three.
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P.167-179: [Common reader: second series] Robinson Crusoe. 7 p.

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Woolf, V.
· [Flush] The life
and character. Chapter

Monks House.

July 31st 1931

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Cases additions to

2nd Common Reader

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July 31st 1931

Life. Character & Opinions of

Flush. (continued)

Chapter Two.

Life in London.

Number fifty Wimpole Street looks to-day much as it must have looked in the time of Flush. He must have seen the same grim high house built of purplish brick, with its 4 tiers of storeys, substantial, correct, ~~formidable~~ that must even eyes today bids fair to meet the eyes of many generations to come, for the ~~towered~~ & narrow avenue of Wimpole Street ~~bids fair to~~ ~~looks capable of~~ ~~outlasting many generations of doctors & their patients~~ ~~so compact so firm, so formidable~~, looks, ready, likely ~~bids fair~~ to outlast many generations of doctors & their patients. of dogs & their mistresses. ~~But inside the house, how~~ strange inside the house must have looked to him after the little ~~cottage~~ country cottage at Three Mile Cross, ~~his surprise~~, the sight of it from the outside must suddenly have been forgotten in amazement at the sights, the smells, ~~the~~ the textures, the fabrics that met him indoors. The master, Mr Barrett, was a rich man with somewhat ~~grandiose~~ ... He had a large family. He kept a retinue of servants. The house was furnished opulently ~~& fully, on the~~ & no doubt with a certain ~~reliance upon the~~ reference to Eastern ~~extravagance~~ opulence & fantasy such as Mr Barrett had been able to indulge more fully in the country at Hope End. We can fancy the dark high rooms crammed with mahogany chests, carved sofas, the wardrobes, gilt mirrors, laid with the thick Turkey carpets, ~~decorated with tapestries~~, ~~be~~ ~~bossed & studded~~ laid with ornamental vases & whatnots; ~~crooked~~ tables; which, in their turn were laden with trophies from the East Indies in which Mr.

of houses so firmly built so ~~formidably~~ high, so narrow, so substantial,

cupboards,

the ~~two~~ ...

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— & take the confusing amalgamation of smells —

The smell alone must have been enough to make the dog pause as he went upstairs. From the kitchen down in the deep basement must have come waves of ~~joints~~ roasting joints & stewing [chops broths basting] & gravies. ~~There &~~ he had come from a house where the mistress ~~never touched meat~~, & made penurious meals in which meat ~~figured~~ was ~~a rare~~ almost banished. The carpets must have yielded a ~~thousand~~ thick aroma of dust & fabric — ~~where a~~ [illegible] & closed their soft firm texture rapturously round paws used to bare boards mitigated at most by a strip of matting. As for the confusion of scents of woods & polishes ~~of~~ scents of human scents, scents of coats, trousers, crinolines & mantles; curtains & plush hangings rich with the ~~relics~~ of coal dust & fog & old cigars — that were wafted to his nostrils as he passed the 'dining room ~~dra~~ door, & then the drawing room door, he had met with nothing in all his life that in the least resembled them; & by the time he reached Miss Barrett's room, on the floor above the drawing room at the back his nostrils must have been so charged with odours, his eyes so dazzled with the various lights & shapes of ~~vases~~ the immense variety that he can only have seen hither & thither, when the door was shut ~~in~~ an ecstasy of excitement & confusion.

Miss Barretts bedroom also was stuffed with curious all objects. There was a bed, disguised as a sofa; a large table in the middle of the room; a wardrobe ~~at one~~ against one wall; opposite the bed sofa, an arm chair; a chest of drawers on which rested a book shelf 'of papered deal & crimson merino'; a washing table 'turned into a cabinet with another coronal of shelves;" two busts, of Chaucer & of

[Left margin notes:]

rich soups slowly simmering in the saucepan

birds,

that had absorbed coal dust & the fog & the smell of beef & turkey & ham, & cigars & wine

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Homer on the book case; three more busts, the subjects unspecified, on the wardrobe: & beside the wardrobe, apparently, a window, looking out on to the backs of other houses. In the window was a deep window box in which grew scarlet runners, nasturtiums & convolvuluses; & a root of ivy, with long tendrils that were fastened to the window on the upper storey, while a shower of ivy tendrils covered all the window panes. though they were not altogether healthy. Besides the ivy, the windows were covered with a ~~curtain~~ a transparent blind, embroidered in some fashion - with a castle, a gateway, two walks, several peasants, & groves of trees, while the curtains were of green damask — a rich, rough fabric, certainly unknown to Flush, for Miss Mitford's furnishing was of the most economical kind, of cheap cotton bought in the village shop & made with her own hands.

There was also a new table, which held "all my varieties of vanities" protected by a rail, so that Flush was unable to touch them, though no doubt the light that came, as x people said, so beautifully through the castle that was embroidered on the blind must have touched those little mother of pearl boxes, alabaster elephants, & silver fish with ruby eyes with trembling lights of flashing & fading fascination.

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Hanging in Little Sides of a small face, round,

now pale with ill health but once bright as a China rose,

The lady must have looked at him.

She saw ~~a~~ bright eyes, long ~~curled~~ ears, ~~a reddish~~ ~~sleekly coated~~, with thick curls

& a ~~ba~~ ~~be~~ brown coat flashing to gold in the sun shine.

He saw a ~~'most expressive face'~~, ~~with~~ lit large tender eyes,

a ~~large~~ big mouth, which smiled 'like a sunbeam', ~~&~~

while on either side, of the ~~round~~ face hung 'showers

of dark curls'. That there was a natural affinity

between them, it was impossible to deny. As he

looked & she looked each must have felt ~~that~~ a

sympathy which ~~no one can~~ none can ~~analyse~~

analyse, or emulate, or ~~altogether~~ overlook, deny. ~~From that~~

~~moment~~ Flush next took up his lodging in Miss Barrett's

room; ~~his life became her life~~, & owing to the peculiar

circumstances of her ~~life, for~~ position, his life, for

43. the next three years became almost indistinguishable from

~~hers~~ hers. Miss Barrett, as we have said, was an invalid.

1843 She seldom left her bedroom, And this sympathy was

1806

37 to be tested & developed to an unusual extent, for Miss

Barrett was an invalid; she scarcely left her room for

months at a time; a descent to the drawing room below was

a considerable undertaking; a drive was an adventure,

a walk was almost out of the question. ~~She lay on~~

her sofa, or in her bed, ~~week~~ after week, month after month,

& as Flush soon made it clear that he did not intend

& lo to be parted from her, the story of his life becomes

inextricably involved with the story of her bedroom.

~~We have already described the objects in the bed~~ We

~~most thus~~ Thus the importance of every object in the

room can scarcely be exaggerated. He must have known

the exact substance of the carpet; the different ridges &

smoothness of the pattern; the lights ~~upon the~~ that

the swaying blinds made upon the legs of the table; the

different curves & knobs, of the chairs; the different

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degrees of luminosity & pallor in the fine busts, according as the
day was cloudy foggy or fine; the look of the books, whether
stacked neatly on shelves or heaped negligently on the big
table: the ~~smell of the~~ curious iridescence & lustre of the
little objects on the ~~railed~~ table which owing to its
rail he was never able to touch; ~~the texture~~ of the
various quilts & ~~counterpanes~~ all the gloom & shadow, the
sudden red lights & yellow lights, the brown cases, the
cumbrous passage, the slopes of a wardrobe that were
now so vast, & now hard & prosaic — all the
lights & shadows of a London bedroom must have been
so incessantly, so perpetually, before his eyes, ~~that~~ that
they must have assumed a majestic, a more than human
significance to him, & it would not be surprising to
find that he had given sacred or infernal qualities
to some of these guardians & presences — conferred upon
them divine for gifts of for good or evil. ~~In addition~~
& personalities ~~that~~ for good & evil. In addition
to the sights there were the smells. There were the delicious
smells of the foods that were brought to Miss Barrett's
bed; the intoxicating increase of savour when the cover was
removed, & the brown partridge or the white wing of
chicken was displayed. But there was also the
sharp & nauseating smell of medicine; which
drenched his delicate ~~sense~~ nostrils sometimes almost
intolerably. In particular the smell of Eau de
Cologne ~~was~~ so gratifying to ~~the~~ an invalid, was to him
lacerating, odious, beyond bearing. And in addition
there were the various smells of flowers, in their
bloom so intoxicating, but alas, so soon to lose their
bloom in the hot still air, & to fade, & to
affect his senses with all the must, the rancour, the
sourness & bitterness of decay. ~~Naturally~~ Long before his

NYPL

browne

Miss Barrett ~~for~~ ordered dear Miss Mitford's geraniums to be thrown away, Flush must have been in a state of acute disgust at the ~~smell~~ of [rank] decaying vegetation.

[the biographer may speculate] "Nor can too much attention be paid to the sounds that came to her ears. Since the bedroom was at the back of the house, the sound of traffic would be hushed to one distant murmur. But as the family was large & the servants many there would be a frequent sound of steps on the staircase, [steps] ~~going up & going down~~; there would be the steps of maids carrying hot water cans; X & the sound of brushing, & the little taps of carpet brooms; the sound of stair rods being X the steps of sisters carefully controlling their bellowing mantles as they passed the sickroom door; male steps mounting firmly & heavily; X the sounds of brushing & sweeping: the little click when the brass stair rods were removed, & returned to their sockets; the an occasional burst of conversation when the drawing room door was opened & some visitor incautiously raised her voice; then the steps of maids . . . But often for hours together, or for the human hour is for a dog about as long as an entire day — ~~those~~ for days together then, there would be no sound in the room but the click of the coals, the ~~ha~~ tick of the clock, the faraway murmur of the traffic, some distant street cry, & the breathing of the invalid as she slept, or lay ~~[illegible]~~ musing, ~~too weak to~~ or rousing herself, wrote or sighed turned the page of a book, or moved her hand with a [illegible] pen across & across a page.

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the turning of the pages of a book, the incessant passage of a pen across paper, the breathing of the invalid as she slept, or the lay ~~her sighs~~ [margin: or the long] musing, too tired to read, too tired to write, forced sometimes to ~~sigh~~, heave a sigh, at the ~~recollection~~ memory of some past sorrow, or at the appalling emptiness & inanity ~~of~~ of her ~~wasted~~ ^present life.

Thus for Flush & Miss Barrett it was always an Event when the step ~~on the stair~~ ^was heard to stop stopped at the door; when the handle was seen to turn; when the door actually opened & somebody actually came into the room. How strangely ~~at once all~~ the furniture was changed! ~~How the~~ What fresh eddies & currents of sound & smell were at once in circulation! Probably it was Wilson the maid with ~~an~~ food or medicine. But it might be one of Miss Barretts sisters, ~~who had just been out shopping, or had~~ ^or again, Or, in the evening, it was one of Miss Barretts ^were at luncheon brothers; Sometimes, ~~about three in the afternoon~~ ~~the arm chair would~~ The bed would be disguised as a sofa, ~~the~~ the arm chair would be drawn up beside the bed, Miss Barrett would be wrapped in Indian shawls, & the medicine bottles & the washing things would be carefully concealed in the cabinet under the busts of Chaucer & Homer. Then Flush knew for a certainty that a visitor was expected. And, sure enough, ~~at two~~ at two, or three, there was a tap at the door & in came dear Miss Mitford carrying a bunch of geraniums, shining ... like a flower, ^dark very red ~~in~~ & round ~~in the~~ cheeks, very white hair, & very bright eyes gleaming out under a great wall of forehead. Sometimes she would come at midday & stay talking almost without stopping till

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even in the evening when she had to catch her train: Or it
might be Mr Kenyon, a stout well groomed gentleman,
of great urbanity & charm, who would read poetry aloud,
in spite of the fact that ~~his pronunciation was~~
he had lost two front teeth. Or it might be
Mrs Jameson, a very different kind of person ~~*~~
with a "very light complexion — pale, lucid eyes —
thin colourless lips, fit for incisive meanings —
a nose & chin projective without breadth":
Flush, lying attentive ~~could easily~~ came to know
these visitors as intimately as he knew the big table the
small table, & the wardrobe: Miss Mitford
babbled & chattered; Mr. Kenyon mumbled, because he
had lost two front teeth; Mrs Jameson spoke
very sharply, very precisely. And when they
had gone, Miss Barrett was often extremely tired.
She could not eat her dinner. She beckoned, &
Flush, understanding what was required of him;
would gulp down a chicken's wing, ~~the~~
~~thighs of a~~ the breast of a partridge with
potatoes & bread sauce also, so that when
a certain step passed outside, & a certain tap
sounded & the handle slipped round in a certain
way ~~by~~ a certain very formidable elderly gentleman
came in, late in the evening alone, his eye, so
keen, so strong so remorseless would be satisfied
that his daughter had done his bidding &
eaten every scrap of her dinner. What happened
after that Flush was never perhaps quite sure.
The gentleman fell on his knees by the bed — but here

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Wilson would whistle; or perhaps merely beckon & Flush would leave the ~~father & daughter alone. That there can be no doubt that he~~ realising that resistance was in vain would follow her, for one of those brief airings which now constituted his only view of the outer world. His station as he came to feel more & more decidedly, was in the bedroom, with the big table, the little table, the wardrobe, the five busts, the books, & Miss Barrett on the sofa. Even when the day was fine, & the sunshine falling through the embroidered blinds reminded him of ~~fields~~ the fields & rabbits of his youth, — even when somebody whistled outside & called to him to walk, ~~he~~ he refused. He crept closer to the sofa, & rested his nose in the palm of Miss Barretts hand. For she was ill & lonely. There they ~~sat~~ remained, therefore, alone in the bedroom, while the clock ticked, the steps went up & down the stairs, & the sunshine glittering through the peasants & the castle embroidered on the blind rested upon the white heads of Chaucer & Homer, upon the red merino book case, ~~&~~ upon the wardrobe & the sofa.

Meanwhile, Flush was developing in mind & character.

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There they sat all through the long years of 1843, 44, & fortyfive

There were, of course, certain breaks in the monotony of this cloistered life. On very occasionally Flush went to Regent Park walking beside ~~with~~ Miss Barrett ~~in~~ a Bath Chair. He sometimes drove with her through the streets in a Carriage. And sometimes, apparently, one of the Miss Barretts – Arabella? ~~Forced him to come~~ with them when they went shopping. He must have become acquainted with the ~~be~~ pebbly walks of public parks, the walk where one is tied to intolerable restrictions: the walk where one is free; the vivid led; the ~~grass ie~~ walk where one is free; the railings that divide grass from path: the guardsmen in braid & top hats who preserve the laws; to ~~from~~ whose legs small rods are attached: the who stop ~~our~~ leisure dogs to be put on chains: the it must have savoured also the hardness of stone pavements; the curiously strong & rank enticing disgusting ~~are~~ smells that ~~are~~ are of the lamp posts, disgusting smells that of horses & carts: the pillar boxes: the smells of the pavements, of all the long skirts that swept the pavements, the astonishing odours that came from chemists, the ... butcher's shops & milliners shops as he trotted along the pavement, or was taken in, attached to a lead, to sit beside one of Miss Barretts sisters as she shopped in Regent Street. For on rare occasions he was forced to leave the Miss Barretts bedroom, & to go with one of such expedition in the year & it was on the return from one such expedition that an adventure befell him which must have been harassing ~~& alarming~~ in the extreme. He was stolen & left lasting effect ~~impression~~ upon his personality.

often the day was rather too cold, too hot, too wet, or too windy.

not to be weighed away and pulled up to attach themselves to stems: to be sent back by horse walk

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Flush & Miss Arabella Barrett had returned from their shopping
~~& were standing on the doorstep of Fifty Wimpole Street~~
waiting for the door to be opened when a man
snatched him from the doorstep. Arabella looked round &
Flush was gone. Moreover he was gone for three days;
During those three days not a scrap of food passed his lips.
The thieves themselves admitted it when they gave him up
for a ransom probably of six pounds. ~~But what his~~
~~feelings were,~~ ~~For three~~ Bundled into a sack, flunked into a
cab, ~~taken to Shoreditch~~, kennelled into some dark yard or
the corner of a foetid room in Shoreditch - forced to
hear the talk & smell the smells of one of those rookeries
~~that were even then becoming notorious~~.
his feelings were such that they left him without appetite
without any other feeling. Almost seem. but a shuddering
disgust at the whole sorry business. When he was
returned to Miss Barrett's bedroom, when he saw again
the bust, the tables, the wardrobe, when they put a
plate of meat before him, all he could do - was
& what could any philosopher have done more - was
to shrank away from the whole apparatus of life -
its torture, its deceits, its babes, its villains, its
corruption, its sordid attempts to plaster over the
the rotten places of the heart, its chancers its stones, its
cabinet that concealed theirs, its bookcase that was
papered over & nailed down with red morocco - its
welting ivy, & light obscured with
embroidered blinds - all he could do was
~~to lay~~ he did. "his heart was so full when
he came home that he could not eat, but
shrank away from the plate & laid down his
head on my shoulder" . . . He is worth loving. Is he
not?

to Inst:

Horne
i. 166

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This adventure, October 5th 1843, ~~thus~~ proves not merely that
Flush was already a dog of mark, a dog whose coat
bearing, carriage, physi-ognomy all proved him a
dog worth ~~ransom~~ ~~stealing~~ ready asking a that six guineas' for
but it throws light upon ~~the whole relationship~~
his character, his relationship with Miss Barrett.
When he was lost, she says, she cried until she was
accused so loudly of 'selfishness' & 'childishness'
that she was glad to dry her eyes. Now
the most ~~elementary~~ psychologist can tell us that
~~those for whom you must~~ concealed ~~your~~ feelings ~~are those~~
~~for whom you feel with peculiar strength~~.
are peculiar feelings; & in this case the fact that she
could only hint at his feelings by dumbshow — that he could
say nothing, that only by laying his head on her shoulder
could he convey his meaning must have had a peculiar
poignancy. Compare his behaviour with Miss Mitford's.
or with Miss Barrett's own. Whatever they felt they
said. Miss Mitford thought nothing of dashing off
twenty six pages about a snowdrop. Miss Barrett
poured words & words & words. But here was one
who said nothing; here was one — & we can
scarcely exaggerate the force that this must have had
upon Elizabeth Barrett — who had been out, alone,
unguarded unprotected, in the haunts of men,
far beyond Wimpole Street, & Regent Street & the
Park — He had ~~been~~ penetrated into the wilds of
Whitechapel, where people live like beasts; where
odious faces leered at broken windows; where
to there is murder, & crime; & life & death.
great ~~these~~ passings to foreign countries; & people
women no older than herself have yet known what it is
to love to travel to bear children. to be betrayed, to be

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Ice deserted – to have lived in short, whereas here. I have,
said Elizabeth sinking back on her pillow, with five
books, a washing stand made to look like a book case.
But Flush said nothing: he was worn out, exhausted; he was
a spent voyager returned from the unknown world of
human life. So the days went by. And
Miss Barrett lay hour after hour, writing, reading,
musing on her sofa; & Flush lay, dreaming perhaps, by her
side. A curious sympathy ~~said~~ had sprung up
between them.

They began to
write.
Jan 10th 1845
First met.
Tuesday May 20th ~~19~~
1845.
3 to 4.30.

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This habit of writing ~~was one that Flush must~~ of passing a stick perpetually over a white page was one that Flush must have learnt by this time to excuse; ~~if not to~~ welcome. ~~But in the early part of 1845 he must have thought that the habit was~~ & of Miss Barrett spent rather more time than usual in this manner (father) during the early part of 1845, it was winter, she was wholly prostrate; & there ~~was~~ nothing ~~yet~~ by the last ~~so unusual~~ as to rouse his suspicion. True, he ~~may have noticed that~~ the short gleam falling into the ~~b~~ ... ~~lady~~. The [illegible] in the hall seemed to disturb ... observed perhaps that while she waited for the post to be brought up to her she was slightly absent minded ~~at~~ anyone's ~~manner~~; did not give her whole attention to some request of his - his maccaroon, it might be, ~~was forgotten~~. But no serious suspicion that there was anything wrong occurred to him ~~before~~ until Monday, the 20 May, 1845.

& was more deeply engrossed than had

while she read the opened the stamped envelope & read the cramped, crowded sheets. –

After luncheon on that day the usual preparations which for a visitor were made, but with some unusual particularity. The bed was ~~carefully~~ disguised as a ~~certain~~ ~~sofa~~ ... sofa. The arm chair ~~&~~ placed in a certain position: Miss Barrett, he could not help observing, chose her shawls, arranged their folds, with unusual care. At three precisely Flush heard the front door bell ring. He listened intently. So did Miss Barrett. Certain steps came up the stairs. Flush was certain that it was not Miss Mitford; it was not Mr Kenyon? No. It was a Jameson's; was it Mrs ... two steps; two firm; Whose could it be? A stranger? A strange man's? The door ~~opened~~ handle slid. The door opened. Flush's worst suspicions were instantly confirmed. A stranger

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& a man stood in the door way. Flush may have barked. He may indeed have rushed at the man barking. But Miss Barrett ignored Flush altogether. & the strange man crossed the room, took her hand, sat down in the arm chair. They began to talk as if there were nobody else in existence. ~~He~~ was 'Mr. Browning' she said

Wilson. Flush thus ignored must have had an excellent opportunity for a close examination of the stranger.

He was dark, might be called handsome, & ~~[illegible]~~ was dressed rather as a dandy with lemon-coloured

Om 86 kid gloves. He had, Flush must have noticed, as he looked more closely straight black hair, small eyes wide apart, which he twitches constantly together, a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, & manners nervous & rapid. He has a great vivacity, ... a very great frankness & friendliness of

Om 161 manner & mind. Flush, there can be no doubt took an instant dislike to him.

For by this time Flush was a dog in the prime of life. He was ~~four yr~~ three or four years old. He During those years of seclusion his character had formed – developed, & it cannot be doubted that his character had ~~der~~ the peculiar ~~Ci~~ circumstances of his life had affected him both for good & for ill. He had mixed very little with other dogs. ~~He had~~ existence ~~what~~ He had seen very little of ordinary ~~life~~ ~~he had seen, he had been~~ His views of Regents park & the streets had been brief, concentrated, stamped by that brilliancy – vigour which is the mark of any rare experience, much desired, & seldom enjoyed. ~~This~~ Into

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sheltered & protected existence had crashed the terrible
experience of those days in Whitechapel. His whole view
of society, of life, of what is ~~possible~~ the possibilities
of suffering must have been profoundly affected.
Here, by Miss Barrett's sofa, were the ~~was~~ tables & the
looking glass; but there, just round the corner, were
evil forces that worked & fell; that transferred one in a
second from settled ease to scenes so horrible that he
still dreamt of them on the hearth rug. ~~These~~ These
~~Experiences were enhanced by the~~ Then again;
no ~~mult~~ multiplicity of affection, interests, occupations
served to distract his mind ~~or~~ develop his senses.
He lived entirely for one person & in one room.
~~other feeling~~ thus secluded he had lavished all his
affections upon Miss Barrett heavily.

He looked at her. She was talking. She was talking to this
dark man who twitched his eyes with an expression
that he had never seen on her face before. They talked until ~~at~~ half
past four. ~~Mr Browning went~~ Then Mr. Browning
went. But as he went down stairs, as the hall door
shut, Flush must have realised [from the intensity brown had for,
with which Miss Barrett listened] that ~~the~~ although something
~~had been in that~~ room, which he would never leave it,
that something had entered into Miss Barrett; ~~which~~ so that
did not exhaust, as Miss Mitford, Mr Kenyon ~~exhausted~~ so her
which made her finish her chicken that night to the
bone, which ~~made her to sleep her~~ her usual
occupations so that everything she did was now done
with an intensity, a rashness, a fervour, ~~which the~~
This writing for example; — how her pen tore over the
page now, all through the afternoon — how anxious she
was about letter catching posts; how she listened for
the last knock at night; what hours & hours she spent

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over there packed cramped shut the lock of which with their cramped scrawl he came to know! The effect of all this upon Flush was marked. Some spirit awoke which was he had never felt before. He looked at himself in the glass. He ~~barked when he saw his own bright eyes his own golden brown coat affected. He too was in the prime of life. But he no longer barked as he used~~ at his ~~brown coat~~, at his "glittering dilating eyes"; felt he no longer barked as he used. He was no longer a novice, unformed lighter on affection He had He felt, he had known, he was beginning to put to them: in the habits the powers coming to maturity after all these years. Moreover, the stir ~~that~~ that the dark man with kid gloves left behind him ~~So~~ reacted even upon the ~~habit~~ tenour of Flush's own existence. That spring, Miss Barrett, ~~began to~~ went out more ~~into~~ the Park, ~~took him~~ – ~~out driving or~~ on her own feet too, so that Flush began to visit the park not as an attendant ~~on~~ an invalid, but freely, almost like other dogs. ~~But~~ But ~~the~~ when ~~they c~~ ~~drawn~~ in doors, ~~the change was most marked~~ ~~indoors~~ in the ~~bedroom, the~~ change that had begun on May 20th Nothing was the same since May the 20th. ~~But it~~ was in doors, in the bedroom, that the change was most marked. Mr. Browning came again: & then again & then again. And the hours ~~that~~ were spent in the same intensely & agitated & intimate talk, one catching the other up, in talking: the pauses were as full as the talk: ~~the~~ interruptions were as quick as, — those

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Miss Barrett ~~never talked in that way to Miss~~ Mitford.
or to Mr. Kenyon. And then he would come again.
~~And so~~
~~The big table the ...~~ The big table & the busts & the
wardrobe seemed more or less the same. But
this man coming at three & staying till 4 seemed to
put everything into a tumult. ~~He came &~~
~~this coming at~~ the next Mr. Kenyon & Miss Mitford & Mrs
Jameson ~~still went on coming: but not in the same way.~~
~~Flowers were always ... were changed:~~ No friend;
~~like~~ Flowers appeared on the table. ~~If he came on~~ It was
The man might go, but he always came again.
His cape his gestures, his extreme sharpness & decision,
his jerky quick movements, his bright bunch of flowers,
~~at ...~~ / became, as time passed, almost
intolerable to Flush. And always there were
these further appointments — Tuesday? no, not
Tuesday because Mr Kenyon is coming. But Wednesday
whatever happens Wednesday at 3. only what were
But then he must come on Saturday.
Saturday. Would he like to come really every week?
If not on Tuesday then on Wednesday — the long & short
of it was that Mr. Browning came every week.
Not quite out of doors yet. but downstairs.
Talking in a loud voice. Saturday at 3.
actually went, not as far as Regents Park but to the
gates of Devonshire Place.

At any rate, Mr Browning came; & came; & came: until
& the summer passed; & the autumn came; & autumn
changed to winter; & winter passed; & again the 20th of
May appeared; & still they were meeting & talking;

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positively enjoyed; a letter was sent off; a letter was received: & all the old subject ... letter she was in a state of distress: & what with walks: these comings & goings & chatterings — the perpetual movement of hands & lips, & the agitation of everything, & the feeling that everything was crowded & crushed & life was flowing faster & his own feelings were becoming more & more complex violent, unexplained, disregarded — he could bear it no longer but attacked the man. He rushed at & barking violently bit him: (July 9th 1846)

That this was a very great event, the product of intense emotion, & indeed agony of spirit must be perfectly clear to those who have followed the story of Flush with attention. His sufferings

The scene must have been painful in the extreme; for Flush ~~overwhelming~~ the anguish was overwhelming. ~~[illegible] he had been overcome — that no body was so many~~ after the first relief; after the first rush of pent up feelings pent up now for ~~this~~ over a year, — after the first glory of feeling his teeth meet in the cloth of Mr. Browning's trousers, then in the skin of his calf, there remained the humiliation & the despair. ~~He~~ The attack had failed. Mr Browning had shaken him off, had laughed, had set down as if nothing had happened — ~~But~~ ~~And~~ then, after Mr. Browning had gone, Miss Barrett had called him to her, & had slapped his ears. ~~Worse~~, she ~~had~~ said that he should never be loved again. ~~— [illegible] to this: he~~ he had ~~made~~ He ~~had~~ made no resistance; he attempted no reply. While she put the flowers that Mr Browning had brought in water, he sat on the sofa, where she had lain, with his eyes fixed on her,

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"with an expression of filial despair" as even Miss Barrett
hardly noticed, up in her face. At last I said,
'If you are good, Flush, you may come & say that you are
sorry'.. on which he dashed across the room, and,
trembling all over, kissed first one of my hands &
then another, & put up his paws to be shaken,
& looked into my face with such great beseeching
eyes that you would certainly have forgiven him
just as I did". Thus Miss Barrett wrote to
Robert Browning. No words could better
illustrate the conflict - of hate & love - that rent his heart: &
~~no words~~ ~~nothing~~ could show ~~so~~ more clearly the
~~division which~~ gulf which had come ~~up~~ between
Flush & ~~his mistress~~, Miss Barrett, ~~for the words~~, It was strange,
or . . in this crisis she ~~seemed to~~ punished him,
she took Mr Browning's side; she punished
Flush: she told Flush that he would never be loved again;
& though she forgave him, she forgave him in a
way that must have been more painful than any
punishment. She went on to exonerate him; she
said "The truth is that he ~~is~~ hates all unpetticoated
people, & that though he does not hate you, he
has a certain distrust of you, which any outward
sign, such as the umbrella, reawakens." Is misunderstood pique? or was it merely a device she adopted
~~The mis-~~ ~~Miss~~ ~~conception~~ could she so entirely misunderstand? Obviously. Miss unwittingly to soothe Browning?
Barrett had very little sense ~~feeling~~ perception of anything more
of the true state of Flush's feelings. "His who loved nothing Flush
not Sarasenen" she continued; & here at ~~least~~ she
for a moment she showed a glimmer of
perception of the true state of things — "He
once loved you, you might pull his ears & his

but it was the manner of her forgiveness the way in which she explained him to Mr B- that must have been harder to bear than any beating.

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tail, & take a bone out of his mouth even, & he would not bite you. He has no savage caprices like other dogs & men I have known" .. ^She did then still realise that there was such a thing as caprice, even then in F—^

But in came an Uncle, & then a cousin & then an Aunt — She ~~had~~ no time, to develop her analysis: perhaps something warned her that further explanations would be futile. X For surely ~~she~~ knew by this ~~time that~~ the ~~die~~ was ~~cast~~. ~~B~~ Uncles, Cousins Aunts — Flush surely — every one went by the board compared with Mr. Browning: they were all so many obstacles that got in the way of her ~~writing~~ finishing her letter ~~in~~ time for the ~~post~~. afternoon post. It was provoking, she said: "— but I shall write again, tonight, you know."

X But what Flush must have felt, all that day, [illegible] on the sofa waiting, with a bitterness that only that was complex, unapprehended, dumb, was that now nothing counted for Miss Barrett in comparison with Mr. Browning. In came, as she wrote, an in — [illegible] For she must stop How provoking! she exclaimed.

[illegible]

What were Flush's feelings when she 'wrote again, tonight'?

That they were violent, but that they were repressed another incident that took place some ^four^ days later ~~[illegible]~~. seems to show. ~~Four days later~~ Mr. Browning had ~~been~~ ^paid another^ again; & after he had gone, Arabel

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Barrett persuaded Elizabeth to take a cab & drive to
2 Regents Park, for once a lovely evening. "Flush
329 had his foot pinched in shutting the cab door ... &
cried piteously, & held it up. looking straight to me
for sympathy;" no sooner had he touched the grass
than he began to run without a thought of it.
So, Miss Barrett commented "Flush always
makes the most of his misfortunes — he is of the
Byronic school — <u>il se pose en victime</u>."
Now, he looked at her for sympathy; he did not get it;
he perceived something mocking; something critical,
in the large soft eyes. Like Byron to whom?
Very well, off he rushed. He would no
more go to Miss Barrett for sympathy. He
would be a dog like other dogs — Thus
we think a dispassionate observer would
interpret that scene in Regents Park on the
evening of ~~Tues~~ Saturday July 12th, 1846
after Mr. Browning had ~~just~~ left Wimpole Street.

A reckless temper now possessed him — of that we
think there can be no doubt. The spiritual
atmosphere of the bedroom was becoming
that summer electrical, thundery, explosive:
'Mr. Browning' was no longer Mr. Browning.
Miss Barrett was Ba. One day a week was
not enough. Three hours on Tuesday were not
enough. They wanted — but ~~Byron~~ the man with
the red gloves & the umbrella had the audacity to

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say that he needed "a week of Tuesdays — then a month — a year — a life! I must long to see you again, — always by far the most I long, the next day — the very day after I have seen you — when this [illegible] in my mind what I did not say while I might have said it — nor ask while I might have been answered — nor learn while you could have taught me — no, this indescribable!" That was his style; that was his jerky, confused, hollow [illegible] method of talk; & was Miss Barrett — as Flush was always punctilious to call her — was she really surprised if after hearing that for 3 hours, Flush ~~bit~~ snapped ~~was~~ when his paw was caught in the door of the bookshelves, & looked for sympathy — & did not get it — & scampered away, as if nothing hurt. Nothing mattered in the world. A dog of spirit could not have done more.

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It is scarcely surprising, ~~[illegible]~~ that, in very soon, ~~Flush~~
~~barked again. He barked violently.~~ about a fortnight later
Flush barked again. He bit again. Miss Barrett
must have realised that she was now confronted with a
passion, ~~that would not~~ compound of suffering, of
pain, which no ~~beating~~ no remonstrance would control.
She suggested Flush was overcome again. He
~~bit,~~ barked; he bit.

It is scarcely surprising that in about ten days,
~~there was a repetition~~ ~~of the~~ first scene; but one that
Even ~~more violent.~~ Flush flung himself again upon — the exact spot of the spot is now difficult to explore. But the
Mr Browning, ~~probably in the hall, outside~~ not in
Miss Barrett's presence, & ~~took a scene took~~
~~place that both~~ Miss ~~Arabella Barrett & Wilson~~ were
presumably in the hall ~~He~~ with such violence that
both Miss Arabella Barrett & Wilson ~~the maid~~
came running. Both these ladies took the gentleman's
part. Mr Browning himself must have been forced —
perhaps his clothing made concealment impossible — to
tell Miss Barrett. She took the matter very seriously.
When Flush came upstairs, & went — with the old
illusory hope once more of finding sympathy &
understanding straight to ~~Miss Barrett~~ her, she, as
she ~~conf~~ admits "would not speak to him." Then
he went, ~~with what~~ ~~in~~ as if from one judge to another,
to Arabella, who said 'naughty Flush, go away'..
& then finally, with a last, a desperate hope to
Wilson; but she, ~~who forbade that she~~
"considering that she had whipped him 'because
it was right,' (did not give him any
consolation." All were hostile, cold, obdurate,
blind unkind. "So" continues Miss Barrett

Wilson actually whipped him.

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353 he lay down on the floor at my feet looking from under his eyebrows at me. And

* ~~of the exact truth of the story~~ Exactly what happened it is difficult to be altogether sure: but as far as can be ascertained Mr Browning arrived at three on Tuesday July 22nd, & was admitted. Flush was waiting in the hall. Mr Browning, with a simplicity that we may admire, but with an ignorance ~~of the workings~~ of the heart that we cannot but deplore, had the temerity to offer him a packet of cakes. To this insult there could be but one reply. Flush flung himself upon him barking violently. Miss Arabella Barrett & Wilson came running. There was a scene of tumult & confusion. Wilson ~~came to~~ ~~have mastered the dog~~ — they were three to one — & to have ~~beaten him~~ seized him & beat him. He was overpowered. Mr Browning

There were excuses for Miss Barrett no doubt. It was a time of ~~unusu~~ unusual stress & difficulty for her. Happily, it is far, the biographer to pass judgement her. upon the motives & characters of those who play their parts in his pages. To elucidate, to record, to understand, those are his functions — & She was committed to an adventure of considerable daring: she had, by this time, entered into engagements with Mr Browning which naturally ~~clouded her~~ ~~Eyes~~ dazzled her eyes & absorbed her affections. But even Mr Browning could see that in her agitation; in her championship: she was being led to act in an unjust & unjust manner only. She explained it

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words that do him honour, to her insinuation that Flush
357 had no soul, "Dogs that are dog-like

The notion that such passion could be restrained
by physical force repelled him: "A 'muzzle'? oh, no —
A muzzle Robert Browning knew, could have no
power: ~~the feeling was deep,~~ Even he could realise that
the feeling that prompted Flush ~~was~~ deeper, ~~more~~ complex
& lasting. this suggestion ~~was~~ that physical might was

Dogs have such memories!" & he went on to tell
358 the story of a dog who had been let down into a deep well
in order that a customer of a miller whom he
disliked might rescue him, & thus obliterate the
memory of some grievance hitherto unsolved. And the
plan worked, & the dog's enmity changed to gratitude.

Dogs have such memories! to credit
~~Dogs have not only memories, but~~ Robert B. ~~merely~~ h. was won.
That dogs, have also some subtlety, some sense that after
all, life has to be continued, life has to be faced, &
facts faced, Flush soon took an opportunity of
proving: On July 26th, a few days after this
~~scene, he~~ the scene in the hall, Flush came into
Miss Barrett's room. He went to Mr. Browning's
Chair. He "suddenly fell into a rapture". He
indicated to Miss Barrett that the cakes — stale
as they must have been — were still on the table.
He bore no malice; he accepted the situation:
And after a short parley, in which Miss Barrett
stated that the cakes were a sign of friendship.
that if Salin 'explained unacceptably' that the
363 cakes were from Mr Browning,

So that the gratitude of a dog can hardly be considered seriously

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Now the cakes had been forgotten: the cakes were stale. Miss ~~Barrett made before she gave them~~. The eating was, as Even Miss Barrett seems to have realised more of a formality, a ceremony, a final acknowledgment between the three of them that the state of enmity must be ended; that there had been faults on both sides: misunderstandings: that Mr Browning ~~had been~~ intentions had been friendly; in short that if Flush ate the cakes — the dry old cakes wh. he had rejected in their freshness — of which he taken of them all, as the sacrificial favour — it wd. be taken of them all, as the patient to make up his mind to love you & not bite you for the future.

Now few things can do more to raise our opinion of Flush, to establish him in our minds as a dog of whose passions though sensitive were just, whose nature however passionate, wilful, easily affected in points was of the temper that rings true under the blows of experience. I may be tempted to give out under the assaults of time genuine grounds? Whether much then the fact that he ate the cakes. He took the pledge, he that he was not to prove faithless, that he at least acted up to the spirit of the engagement he entered into, the future was to prove. But an event now ~~befell~~ happened which was calculated to test them all to the very depths.

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The Rake.

London, in the middle of the 19th Century ~~year 1840~~, was a city of extraordinary contrasts.
Splendid new streets were being built; old orchards were being
laid with paving stones; neat houses, ornate shops,
long rows of houses that testified to the wealth & fertility &
Respectability of the ~~rising~~ families that were to inhabit them were
rising sometimes from the muddy lanes, but lately
infested with footpads. & Miss Mitford coming to
town in the year 1833 was more struck by the
~~to~~ new houses than by any of the wonders of art.
"All that you say of art is most elegant" she wrote to
Sir William Elford, "But were you not struck
with London? The town itself? That, in its
stupendous improvements — Regent Street, the Regent's
Park, & the new world all about Pall Mall, &
again at Belgrave Square & Pimlico — always
seems to me more beautiful & more wonderful
than anything that it contains, fine & great
as the collections are." But if you left the
new world of Pall Mall, & Belgrave Square & Pimlico,
& went to ~~Seven Dials~~, St Giles; or Marylebone, or
Westminster, or St Pancras, ~~you saw~~ as
Mr. Thomas Beames did, about the year 1850,
~~you saw, you smelt, you~~ you were astonished,
appalled, could hardly indeed believe your eyes —
by such were the horrors that existed
that were tolerated within a ~~step~~ morning's stroll of
Wimpole Street, Regent Street, & ~~other~~ the
House of Commons & other ~~most~~ most respectable quarters
the Thames stink so that the Commons sometimes

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had to rehearse their sittings. In Westminster cows were herded
side by side, deep down, in under houses, in the basement,
in the dark; & ~~their milk was drunk~~ lately & family upon family
lodged above them, but their milk was drunk, & their flesh eaten.
In the Rookeries — & the great, respectable ~~[illegible]~~
contained one of these astonishing dunghills. But for hundreds
of years the poor had conglomerated in crowded tenements
called Rookeries — often, originally, ~~noble palaces~~ the palaces
where nobles had dwelt, as some ceiling or staircase testified:
or ran up upon ~~the site of some ducal garden~~ in Holborn or
the Strand. ~~Now~~ but now let out in ~~[illegible]~~ to
innumerable families; ~~who~~ or rebuilt in crazy & rickety
tenements; swarmed over; but now fallen to ruin, or pulled down
& rebuilt in the cheapest, darkest, ~~most insanitary~~
of ~~methods~~. fashion. insanitary slums. "Very few
parishes in London are without their haunts of
destitution" wrote Mr. Beames; "the most
B. aristocratic parishes have their share" & Here was
24 the rookery, which was standing in 1846; then one
at the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road;
dense mass of houses "very old; very crowded;
Every room was open to every other; here the poorest of the poor
crowded, as they had crowded for hundreds of years,
crowding the narrow streets by day; filling the rooms, with
their broken windows, by night. All the beggars
& thieves of London, who had been begging & thieving all day
came to roost here at night; here they lodged,
in some security; here with water laid on only twice a
week, using a stagnant liquid from the Fleet Ditch
to drink, or to wash in; swarming, populating,
breeding; a small realm of their own, unvisited
by the respectable, & scarcely ever hampered with
by the police, seethed & rusted, died & bred, the lowest

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of the poor — while Mr Stuffed expatiated in the beauties of Pall Mall & ~~Regent~~ Pimlico Street, & Miss Elizabeth Barrett — Miss Arabel & Miss Henrietta went shopping in their carriage in Regent Street.

It was not to be wondered at then if sometimes a claw reached out from St Giles & snatched something in the West End. Living cheek by jowl with this centre of cavernous & misery one could not wonder. ~~One~~ Indeed nothing so proves more certainly the reality & the proximity of the Rookeries than the philosophy with which the most delicately nurtured of the light ~~was~~ upper class accepted an occasional depredation. There ~~was~~ no law against them; but how enforce that law — had not accept robbery, blackmail as part of the necessary order, just as one accepted the fact that a whole area, of great ~~beyond~~ by Oxford Street, was swarming with vice & misery & [illegible] that nobody could check? Once, it was rumoured, a lady of ~~Wim~~ the Wimpole Street neighbourhood, had protested; she had refused to pay the ~~black m~~ ~~demand of thief~~ sum demanded by a thief. And with what result? She was handed a parcel in which was wrapped up ~~containing~~ the head of her little Spaniel dog. Nobody could do anything. ~~Nobody could rebuild the Rookeries;~~ & ~~There~~ If one accepted were the smells. the cows, the Rookeries, the Houses of Parliament, vice: one must accept the fact; & if possible see that one's dog was never off the chain.

Once already Flush had been claimed; ~~by those~~ ~~Lambs~~ indeed it is said that they had twice stolen him & given him back for a payment of six guineas. Now on

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Chapter Three

London in the middle of the nineteenth century — was, we must remember very different from London as we know it now. It was a city of astonishing contrast — a city, ~~as we have~~ ~~seen~~ where, as we have seen, a ruffian from Shoreditch could whip a dog from the doorstep in Wimpole Street ~~&~~ without exciting surprise or ~~exciting~~ with complete impunity ~~escaping~~ the police.

The man asked £ ~~Les guineas~~ ££ fined real new

~~naturally, ...~~ There was nothing ~~unop~~ out of the way in such an incident. For though Wimpole Street ~~was~~ breathed safety & respectability from every brick, ~~one had only~~ through ~~the new splendid streets were~~ ~~daily~~ the 'stupendous improvements' ~~which had~~ ~~lately~~ Regent Street & Regents Park & Pall Mall & Belgrave Sqr & Pimlico had lately risen in their splendours & so that Miss Mitford coming to town in the year 1833 might [find] London city more beautiful in its 'stupendous improvements'!: more beautiful & more wonderful than anything that it contains" one had only to take a short stroll ~~there were still~~ in another direction to ~~come upon quarters~~ be ~~horrified, outraged,~~ ~~see sights which were~~ amazed for quite different reasons. ~~In the year~~ ~~1846 for example~~ Not half an hour's walk from Wimpole Street one might find oneself in that famous purlieu ~~which was~~ yet known as the Rookery. ~~In 1846~~ It was still ~~standing~~ in existence in 1846, as it had ~~stood~~ been in existence for hundreds of years:— a triangular area at the bottom of Tottenham Court Road, ~~inhabited by a savage population~~, ~~crowded~~ upon which stood 'one dense mass of houses.. through which narrow & tortuous lanes curve & wind'. Here conglomerated in one seething ~~mass~~ swarm, ~~as a~~ vast swarm of lawless,

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penniless, untaught. Starving, ~~to~~ breeding, dying diseased, men & women;

'so olde, they only seeme not to fall" through wh. narrow & between lanes curve & wind: There is no privacy here for any of the over-crowded population, Every apartment in the place is accessible from every other, by a dozen different approaches." Here 'squeezing & jostling, grumbling & cursing' lived, & had lived for hundreds of years, ~~the~~ a whole population of starving, penniless, untaught men & women, breeding, ~~dying~~, diseased, dying. Stagnant filthy lay in the middle of the street; filth choked up the dark passages; whoever ventured here saw through half glazed windows rooms crowded to suffocation. Even by day the Rookery was packed with more starving & loitering crowd: but by night, when there had entered the great army of beggars & prostitutes who had ~~been~~ all day the West End all day the place was so full to ... And this was only one of the Rookeries. Mr. ~~Thomas Beames M.A.~~ ... Mr Thomas Beames M.A. took it into his head about the year 1850 to take a walk through London. He found such Rookeries Everywhere — in St Pancras, in Paddington, in Shoreditch; ~~& also checked by Jones wh~~ "Very few parishes in London are without these haunts of degradation" & even "The most aristocratic parishes have their share!" In Westminster for example he found fourty cows were kept at ~~in~~ at the back of the house in New Street, two in each seven feet of space. They were killed there too; & the diseased meat was eaten & the diseased milk drunken by the poor who had already breathed in the vapours wh. since there was no ventilation in the shed, sneaked into their rooms —

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Mr. Beames, cataloguing his discoveries found lurid in ~~Paradise where there was such~~ Rookeries everywhere — ~~often the poor had inherited some old house, where~~ sometimes ancient palaces, with gullies & staircase; sometimes tumbledown jerry built tenements run up by landlords who only allowed the water to run twice a week. He had seen places reeking with filth; where children picked up ~~water~~ stagnant water green with putrescence in which they were going to wash — which they were going to drink — Indeed he could not say what he had seen, in print; & could only

Expand to half a page.

Mercifully the cholera had broken out: Lord Shaftesbury, Mr Arnold & others had come & seen with their own eyes — But

He was thankful when the Cholera came & forced the wealthy, who were building their Pimlicos, their Belgrave Squares, to come & see what ~~smells, what~~ plague spots, ~~pullulating with~~ typhus & cholera & vica & nursery ~~still~~ stood not a stones throw from their fine new streets.

But the cholera did not come until 1848; & in 1846 there was nothing for it ~~the rich to do~~ but to ~~stay~~ keep carefully within the limits of the respectable areas, ~~keep strictly to their~~ & to ~~keep~~ keep ~~their~~ ones dogs on chains. ~~For~~ ~~Shoreditch~~ at any moment the black ~~paw~~ of Shoreditch or Whitechapel or St Giles might stretch & pounce ~~Even on Mayfair.~~ upon the respectable wealthy & law abiding world which lay on its doors.

Nothing indeed can better illustrate the ~~contrasts~~ violent contrast ~~of savagery & civility in the London of 1846 than the~~ which ~~different worlds~~ which divided the London of 1846, ~~into~~

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to accept the relation of Meredith & Wimpole St

Lord Shaftesbury & others, helped by the cholera, might in time adjust the balance more comfortably, but at present there was nothing to be done. It was one's own fault if one forgot to lead one's dog on a chain.

the truth of what Mr. Beames hinted — for he did not dare to speak openly — than the ~~calm~~ matter of fact way in which ~~the~~ such raids ~~were accepted~~. of vice upon virtue, of poverty upon wealth, were accepted. When Flush was first stolen Miss Barrett ~~was not neither surprised nor~~ ~~took it with~~ was ~~not surprised~~, neither surprised ~~at~~ by the fact nor in doubt as to what she had to do. The Captain of the banditti had to be seen, & his ~~sum~~ demands exacted price paid. That was the price one had to paid, in 1846, for living in Wimpole Street & owning a valuable spaniel. To send for the police, or to refuse to pay ~~was~~ were out of the question. ~~Elizabeth was surprised~~ A lady in the Wimpole Street region had once, ~~it was rumoured~~ so the dreadful tradition ran, refused to accept her part in the social system, had happened had happened with the result that her dog's head was handed her wrapped in a parcel. ~~It was therefore~~ There was nothing to be done. ~~And~~ When therefore, on ~~the~~ the morning of Tuesday September 2nd 1846 Miss Barrett went shopping ~~to~~ in Vere Street, she was scarcely surprised, after the first shock, to find that the hawk had once more stretched out ... had pounced up the ... had snatched Flush from under her eyes. He had been ... under her eyes. & He had been in the shop with them; he "was at my heels when I stepped up into the carriage. Having turned, I said 'Flush,' & Arabel looked round for Flush — There was no Flush! He had been caught up in that moment, from under the wheels, do you understand? and the thief ran with him & threw him into a bag perhaps. It was such a shock to me — think of it! losing him in a moment, so! No

Check by Jowl with a Rookery

Upper Berkeley Thieves & ...

with Arabel

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wonder if I looked white, as Arabel said! So she
began to comfort me by showing how certain it was
that I should recover him for ten pounds at most,
& we came home ever so drearily.

7 am ~~O yes~~. Miss Barrett went on to think, they with
their knowledge of the intricacy of the social system,
knew that everything would be arranged. But Flush,
~~who~~ had never given the matter a thought. He was
completely ignorant of economics. "...Flush" she
506 ~~explained~~ lamented "doesn't know that we can recover
him, & he is in the extremest despair all this while,
poor darling Flush, with his fretful fears, & pretty
whimsies ...&c: tonight."

—

On getting home she had taken the usual steps. She had
~~asked~~ informed her brother Henry she had gone "directly
to the Captain of the banditti, ...

—

My poor Flush!"

~~Again~~: It would be difficult to exaggerate indeed
~~the cloud of horror that had now settled upon Flu~~
the suffering that Flush now went through. As
Miss Barrett said, Flush was ~~so~~ completely ignorant
of the compact ~~which~~ arrived at between the Rookeries &
Regent Street. All he knew was the glow, startling
unvarnished fact: one minute he was in the world of
counters & ribbons & obsequious shop attendants
Whiteaker to pat his head, to offer him – it may be –
a maccaroon – the next, a hand snatched; a
bag opened, he was tumbled headlong into a

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rough. Evil ugsome smelling sack, to be tumbled out & stood in the light of day again — where? Upon this occasion it would seem to have been ~~Shoreditch~~ Whitechapel. ~~And while~~ And on a September morning in the year 1846 what did Whitechapel look like? ~~There must have been~~ The room must have been dark; though the panes were broken; yet it was crowded; with dogs, whips whimpering, with women — children: Nobody could touch the jelly bone that was thrown to him. Nobody could drink the green thick water. There were smells of such rancour & violence that Flush, who found Eau de Cologne disgusting must have been faint; But worse was the begging & the pleas; the menaces trampling & shuffling: the & color cries & oaths: the coarse punchings & fingerings; the tortures that wretched masters put him to. When dinner time came there was no dinner. These wretches scarcely had food for themselves: what they had they tore with dirty fingers. Then night came, & the whole room writhed & rustled; the streets ~~glitter~~ but compare this muddy malodorous lane with Vere Street & Bond Street — became full of strange sinister figures — men with bags on their backs, accosted feathered women. They too crowded into the little stuffy room, dumped their bags on tables, out tumbled more dogs — lap dogs pet dogs, lost beautiful spaniels & poodles; together with coins & rings & brooches & jewelry snatched off the counter that Flush knew so well. Then an orgy began. Black papers were produced. Dogs barked; children shrieked. As the beer was handed about, these men & women — but they were more like apes & chimpanzees in their rags, in their nakedness — came to blows; seized each other's necklaces; ~~tore~~ wore stole each other's jewelry; fought & screamed: & screaming: drunken antics in the lane; laughter came & screams never did darkness, or rather silence upon Whitechapel all night long.

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So Flush must have passed that terrible night of the 2nd of September tied to a table leg, ravenous with hunger, but unable to touch the festering bone which somebody threw at him, or to give one more than one lick to the green smelling water which stood in a pail at the door. Gradually day dawned; Flush saw the [illegible] and the rough face of his enemies – the black cruel men who had snatched him, from a world now grown incredibly far away & unimaginably fair. ~~There was~~ a world in which gentlemen offered one rich cakes out of a paper bag; & one refused them from a scruple of honour: a world in which fresh pure water sparkled in a purple jar: a world where one complained that the scent of eau-de-cologne was too strong to be bearable. So Flush looked back upon Wimpole Street, while the cord cut his leg, & the women tumbled off their tables, heaved themselves off the floor where they had lain among sacks all night & staggered off to fetch ~~pots~~ of beer for their masters. All day he lay there tethered to the table leg: Every time the door opened he looked up; perhaps somehow help was coming; ~~[illegible]~~ was hopes that somehow somebody he knew would come, that he would be freed, ~~&~~ ~~[illegible]~~ rose in him; but instead of Miss Barrett or Mr Wilson, or Mr Browning there was some ruffianly face, some hag, some half naked drunken creature who cursed him & kicked him ~~for whimpering~~ so that he lay down again, whimpering.

Meanwhile, forces ~~were~~ of which Flush could have

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no conditions ~~were~~ had been found; were in being; were in
conflict. ~~The Captain of the banditti, whose name was~~
~~Taylor, had not come to Wimpole~~ Street.
Miss Barrett lay on her sofa in Wimpole Street
expecting that the Captain of the Banditti, whose
name was Taylor, would come. He did not come.
~~And as she lay there, naturally~~ ~~What could she~~ do,
~~alone & helpless as she was~~ ~~But unwillingly~~,
that he would come, that he must give up his 'booty,
she was confident. These creatures, she knew, only
wanted money: &, hard pressed for money though she was
at the moment, hard pressed in many ways ~~of~~
which Flush for all his acumen could have
little inkling, she was ready, ~~she~~ to give money
& time & attention to the one object of getting
Flush back. But another force was in conflict
with her, which might prove harder to deal with
than the brute force of Taylor's vicious &
their bags. Her first thought had been to confide
everything to Robert Browning. He who shared
every momentary joy or sorrow of hers – ~~headache~~ or
comfort or discomfort – would not fail of sympathy now.
And indeed he was sorry. – sorry for her, at any rate,
though why Flush, who could spend " all that
barking & fanciful valour ... on such enemies
as Mr. Kenyon & myself" should have "only
blandness & waggings of the tail for the man
with the bag" he could not conceive. – (But
here he did Flush, as Miss Barrett pointed
out a grave injustice – {Flush, the dogstealers assured her
510 " If he cd. have bitten, he would have bitten – if

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he could have yelled he would have yelled. Indeed on a
former occasion the ingenuous thief observed, that he
"was a difficult dog to get, he was so distrustful"
5 11 They had to drag him with a string, put him into a
Cab, ~~before~~ they had, before. Poor Flush!")
Robert Browning was sorry for Miss Barrett of course:
but — this was ~~a force that~~ the world was force
that was far more hostile to Flush's liberty than
host gener with beg — ~~he hated the whole system.~~
~~He~~ as it soon appeared — he differed ~~a~~ ~~some~~
on point very gravely from her. ~~Flush had gone~~ started
~~the only~~ For when, Wednesday had passed, & there
had been no sign from Mr. Taylor, Miss Barrett
began to take a different tone.
on ~~Wednesday~~ still on Wednesday the
That sorrow for ~~Flush~~ Miss Barrett was by no means
Mr. Brownings only emotion. As Wednesday
wore on, Miss Barrett realised that the
dogstealers were going to drive a harder bargain
this time. ~~About four,~~ "Two hours ago" she wrote
3 11 began to laugh:" so she wrote, appealing
with confidence to her lover for sympathy.
~~But though~~ ~~her sympathy was~~ As it happened
~~she had trodden on a nerve in~~ this was a con-
perhaps the only one in all their lives — when Miss
Barrett & Robert Browning did not see eye to

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together. Supposing that she had paid the ransom & that Flush was safe, Robert Browning burst out, in anger, in indignation, in real annoyance, not with Miss Barrett, nor with Flush, but with the whole intolerable system, to which for the best of reasons — that she was ill — Miss Barrett had yielded. She had given these ruffians what they asked, had she!

Such an explosion ~~of~~ of wrath, of reason, in the room of a delicate woman, who, it must be added, was still without her dog, still in the hands of the ruffians, might have made a less resolute or less loving heart quail & give way. Many an invalid in the forties would have said After all my duty as a woman, soon to be a wife, is submission. In these matters, men are our masters. Far from it. Robert Browning might thunder & ratiocinate in Camberwell: She ~~so~~ lying on the sofa in Wimpole Street would ~~lightning~~ & return lightning & hail. She accepted the argument: She took up the challenge. She seized her pen.

"Do you mean to say

516.. ~~So~~ Such were the ~~forces~~ that Flush had roused: the forces of civilisation against love, reason, cupidity. the forces of barbarity. All that September day they flashed & hurtled through the still September air. Letters rapidly were flying from New Cross to Wimpole Street — ~~from~~ Wimpole

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Street to New Cross — Should one submit to blackmail? How far should one adhere to abstract principles? Are abstract principles of more value than love? What about [illegible] & the old Duke of [illegible]? What about Flush's sufferings? What does one owe an animal trusted to one's care? What a wife! What a husband! The poet Dante was quoted. ~~Then~~ for Anecdotes illustrations were raked up from the rich recesses of a highly stored mind.

Still ~~Flush did not come~~ for. Mr. Boyd

[Still Flush waited in Whitechapel. Nobody came.

sent to assure her that she was committing 'an awful sin'"

While these arguments, these wet, these [illegible], this passion flashed & fulminated in Wimpole Street, Flush remained tethered to the table leg in Whitechapel. None came.

The second day of his imprisonment was now waning. He had tasted neither food nor drink. The noises the smells were fast obliterating all memories of his past life. Almost in a dream he lay, ~~remembering and~~ confusedly hearing, seeing, ~~&~~ feverishly dreaming. Was that old Dr. [Henry Honeywood?] [illegible] his horse became his riding [illegible] was [illegible]! Was that Mitford's voice, cursing his wife? the voice of Kerenhappuch ~~and~~ [raging?] jangling that there wasn't enough in the house to pay the butcher's bill? And that rattling — was it Miss Mitford coming upstairs in Wimpole St? He raised his eyes: no. Now only the wind ~~shrieking~~ whistling through the broken glass. He sank back again, fevered, disappointed, despairing. The parrots, the

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canaries kept up their insensate chatter & chirping. One dog, perhaps, had been led off by a ruffian; & had not returned. The candles were stuck on their saucers again; again the strange old men. The painted women came peering round the broken windows. Another night had sunk, like some foul black vulture, over this

All now depended upon Miss Barrett, & it must be admitted that Miss Barrett found herself in a very difficult situation. ~~Her~~ She was besieged on all sides. There was the man of whom of all men she most respected ~~telling her that if she paid the ransom~~ accusing her of 'lamentable weakness' if she paid the ransom; ~~here was her brother Henry~~, here was Mr. Boyd even, sending to tell her that in his eyes too, it would be an 'awful sin'. Worse, still ~~her ancient ally Henry~~ her father had softened the matter was ~~proving but~~ lukewarm. ~~on Wednesday night.~~ ~~Taylor, the captain, had been,~~

When Taylor the captain did come, at last on Wednesday evening, Mr. ~~Barrett~~ & offered to take six guineas 'with half a guinea for himself, considering the trouble of the mediation';

515 Papa desired Henry to refuse to pay; upon which Miss Barrett was very angry & told Henry to pay the money, which was less than she expected. Henry however refused. He 'talked of Papa' & persuaded me that Taylor would come to-day with a lower charge'. Thus met on all sides by argument, by remonstrance,

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by her father's anger, her brother's too like warmen, what was
Miss Barrett to do? ~~But~~ Reason, virtue, prudence,
convention all dictated that she should lie on her sofa &
do nothing. But that was not her way. First she
disposed of Mr. Browning's arguments — If it were
merely a case of giving her own life for to uphold
an abstract principle, certainly she would do it. But
522 she had no right ~~she considered~~ to sacrifice other
lives – innocent lives – lives that depended on her: she
could hardly touch her dinner. A dog in the mews
had been yelling & moaning all day. "Think of
Flush" he seemed to say. And so, if Flush did
not come, & if 'people won't do as I choose, I
shall go down tomorrow morning myself & bring
Flush back with me." Friday passed. ~~Flush~~
~~had not been away~~ Saturday dawned. Flush
had now been away since Tuesday morning.
Miss Barrett made up her mind. It was no
use for Henry to say that she might 'be robbed &
murdered" if she persisted. She was going to
Whitechapel in person. Off she went, in a cab,
with Wilson. ~~Consider~~ An invalid, whose
farthest journey had been carefully selected drives
to Regent's Park, one excursion to Paddington –
Railway station, an occasional expedition with
Wilson to some west end shops, she now
set out to explore bodily those unknown
regions where as Mr. Beames said,
sights were seen that would could not put into
print, where indeed few of the wealthier classes
ever ventured. Soon they were beyond the

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limit of the rose & familiar. The cab got into obscure streets;
the cabman stopped at a public house to ask his way.
Already they had reached ~~on~~ the fringe of the underworld,
for at once two or three men came ~~running~~ out,
& volunteered, ~~unless~~ before they were asked, as if
they were in a conspiracy. "Oh, you want to find
Mr. Taylor, I dare say!" & another ran into a house
an asked, & came out to say that Mr Taylor 'was not
at home,' but wouldn't I get out?" Meanwhile a
gang of men & boys had clustered round the cab.
Wilson implored her mistress to sit still. Only
her devotion to her mistress had forced her to
~~face~~ come so far ~~into the [illegible]~~ within range of
robbery & murder. ~~Mr. Taylor~~ & Would not the lady
come in & see Mr. Taylor? the gang demanded.
When Miss Barrett refused, some one brought out the woman
Surely "an immense feminine bandit, ...
fat enough to have had an easy conscience all
her life," — She asked them to come in & sit
down. For Mr Taylor ~~was~~ would be back, it
might be in minutes or it might be in hours.
Wilson here signified her horror at the suggestion by
pulling at Miss Barrett's skirts. Miss Barrett
refused to leave the cab: She had come to ~~ask~~
remind Mr. Taylor — to "keep his promise about the
restoration of a dog he had promised to restore —
& I begged her to induce him to go to Wimpole
St. in the course of the day." "Oh yes
Certainly" said the lady. & indeed she
did believe that Taylor had left home
precisely on that business" — And,

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with further politenesses, the fat female bandit 'poising her head to the right & the left with the most easy grace' they drove away. Wilson was sure that they had only just escaped with their lives. ~~Even~~ Miss Barrett, ~~who~~ keenly, sitting in her flowery skirts in the cab had received an extraordinary impression from that brief glimpse of Manning Street, Shoreditch, or wherever it was. Here then was a life she had never seen, & was indeed never to see again: For ten minutes she had been surrounded by poverty, wickedness, adventure. Faces — 'the faces of those men!' she exclaimed - were rougher, wilder, more brutal than any she had imagined had pressed round her. She had looked, for one second, into the little rooms where vice & crime, unspeakable poverty & wretchedness were crammed together. She compared this with the bedroom at Wimpole Street — the busts, the bookcases. She was reluctant to go. She stored up every face, every word, every attitude in her memory. Her powers seemed stimulated. Her imagination fired. Long afterwards, in Rome, she recalled that morning: she recalled Manning Street, Shoreditch, or wherever it was; & she wrote fast & furiously, with passion, wisdom, something being of the eagerness & the brilliance of a mind released at last, the same in Aurora Leigh. One cannot doubt that some extraordinary regret mingled with her relief when the cab rolled back into the decorous west end streets again: awful as it was that such haunts should

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Exit, still what a quickening of the blood they both excited in one.
Had she been a man, had she been even a strong woman,
with a little money of her own, how she would have
loved to take her share in rebuilding those slums in
pourtraying with the pen of a poet that extraordinary
mixture of barbarity, humour, coarseness, the
which made Wimpole Street look incredibly
starched, prim, safe & uninteresting when one related to it.
But her relations with Mr. Taylor were not to end
so smoothly as the fat female bandit had promised.
But when the cab stopped ~~got out at~~ number 50, & she went indoors.
~~& was ab~~ She must have known in her heart that
this one glimpse of the London that had lain at her
doors all these years was her first, & her last. She
would never visit Shoreditch again.

~~Yet~~ But still forces battled against Flush.
not Even this heroic expedition ~~on the part~~ of Miss
Barrett & Wilson in the cab to Taylors was
at once to end his sufferings. True, ~~Mr~~ Taylor, as
the fat female bandit promised, came to
527 Wimpole Street that evening. He asked six guineas
down & promised to bring back the dog. Miss
Barrett sent down the money, telling
them to trust the gentleman's honour
as there seemed no other way for it, when,
unfortunately one of the innumerable
brothers – Alfred on this occasion – came in,
met Taylor in the passage called him
'a swindler, a liar, & a thief' brought down an hourly

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a shower of Shoreditch oaths, followed by the curse that 'as he hoped to be saved, we should never see our dog again' — & rushed out of the house! Wimpole Street had ~~Mr Barrett come in then what would have happened~~. ~~Miss Barrett~~ all this — Miss Barrett heard. She was furious. She was enraged with her brother, who had no right to risk Flush's life for ~~the sake~~ his own gratification; she was terrified in all earnest for Flush, whose head might even now be falling at Taylor's command under the knife. Though she had only just returned from Shoreditch, though it was evening now, & getting dark, & the whole household were crying out against her for being "quite mad", & obstinate & wilful" — indeed she was 'called as many names as Mr Taylor' — downstairs she went & announced her intention of going straight back in person to Shoreditch. Nothing would dissuade her. At length, another brother, Septimus, persuaded her 'to be in a good humour & go to my room again' by promising to take the six guineas at once to Mr. Taylor, & offer them with all civility. She returned to her room; & settled down again to wait. At last at 8 o'clock Flush arrived. He ran dashed upstairs to Miss Barrett's room; he then ~~—~~ drank "his purple cup of water, filled three times over"! He was stunned

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Tues
wed
Thu
Fri
Sat

~~by this~~ His rescue must have stunned him no less than his capture. He was not so enthusiastic about seeing me as I expected, Miss Barrett confessed. "He seemed bewildered & frightened — He was dirty & much thinner. He was continually drinking. Whenever anyone said 'Poor Flush, did the naughty men take you away?' he put up his head & moaned & yelled!" For what Miss Barrett had seen for few minutes with the eye of an artist, he had endured from Tuesday morning to Saturday evening. His experience had fallen into those mysterious regions ~~of darkness & fear~~ where ~~to~~ sight & sounds turn & tumble, in the strange ~~to~~ world of dumbness. the world that is only lit, on the surface, by a sudden bark, or a gesture of the paw, a world of seething men tones, ~~smells, a few~~ tremendous smells, a few sights, hunger, thirst & cold — a dog's world, a spaniel's world, & it must be remembered, when we try to picture the boundaries & the proportions of such a world ~~for~~ from how ancient a stock the Spaniel springs, for how many ages he has smelt & hunted, & attached himself ~~to~~ fervently instinctively to this man & not to that, how he has conceived loves & hates that we cannot account for, how vivid & brilliant scents & stubble & hares & game have been to him; how packed & stored his imagination has been whether he feels in his own person, or with the imagination of his whole race — & then conceive how the only egress

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~~possible for him has~~ all ~~the~~ our outlets—poetry, politics,
music, architecture, religion, have been denied him—
~~leave him only~~ how he is forced to live among
creatures of a different birth, ~~whose~~ to whom his bark is
only a rough sound, ~~a his whimper is~~

But enough. Miss Barrett sank back exhausted on
her sofa, & Flush fell sound asleep on his rug.

~~After such an experience~~

To ~~suppose, after such~~

For the biographer therefore to assume that he can trace
every shade of Flush's feelings, ~~to~~ as he lay on Miss
Barrett's room after this would be ~~even more~~
~~considerably more temerar~~ need more audacity
than for him to assume an equal knowledge of
Miss Barrett's ~~own condition~~ feelings.
But it is plain that after this his confidence must have been
gravely shaken. London was a place ~~whose~~ of the
most sudden & terrifying contrasts. Down Bond
Street, up Vere Street dark men with bags
came prowling. Those were no longer safe places.
Human nature was more streaked & pied than Flush
could have imagined. The life of a dog was precarious.
Even while he lay on Miss Barrett's rug, some
unfortunate pug, spaniel or retriever was
tied to the table leg in ~~Mr Taylor's~~
darkest misery ~~to walk~~ In short his confidence was
shaken. his nature, if not embittered, rendered
suspicious, darkened, shadowed. ~~And~~ But as he
lay—for he dreaded those ~~seasons~~ times now when he was
taken out—on the rug, his senses, always
acute, seemed ~~after~~ even quicker than before. He

[margin:] Extreme than he had thought—at the one end Miss Barrett—at the other Taylor's ministers.

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Life went on precisely as it had done before September the second,
& yet he sensed some stir, so had strange premonitions
of change, of something about to happen. It was
true that the routine of the bedroom was not changed —
~~Also~~ the usual visitors came at the usual times —
the brothers visited their sister as usual, & in the evening
Mr Barrett paid his visit. There was nothing in
voice or manner to indicate a change. And yet
there were ~~trifling~~ trifles ~~things~~ that ~~struck him~~ Mr. Barrett
never noticed that Flush noticed, just as the scent of a
hare would be perceptible to him & not to his master.
~~Miss Barrett~~ Little parcels came for Miss Barrett —
(533) there was a pair of flannel lined slippers: another pair of
boots ~~Checker soled shoes~~ — what did they portend? And
her ~~behaviour~~ manner when they were alone was
changed: there was a perturbation: an agitation: a decision — wh. tho' she had shown before, was now different —
~~frequently absorbed~~; she was often writing, &
hiding letters; often perturbed; loved to knit her
brows when Mr Browning's usual visits came, as
if she were thinking, planning, contriving.
She was no longer so open, or so leisurely as she
used to be. She had a determined, & a closed
air. For these reasons, & there were many others
too fine for our apprehension — indescribable
~~moments~~ ~~of~~ shades of nervousness in the
touch of her hand when she patted him, of some
fervour when she bestowed "Mr Browning's Kiss"
on the top of Flush's head
on Flush's head (for Mr. Browning, on hearing
other whom, had sealed their compact by
sending a kiss, & would have sent cakes had he
not been indisposed) — Flush could only
conclude that a journey was in the air: yes
but what journey? with whom? Where?

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It was said, openly, that the ~~Barretts~~ house was going to be
painted — & indeed, as Flush could have told them, the house
needed painting — it was very dark, it was very dirty;
& then there was talk of going into the country while
the house was painted. They were going, it was said, to a
place called Great Bookham. ~~When~~ Were the

flannel lined the thick boots ~~felt~~ Mr Barretts then intended for Great Bookham?

Flush thought not. Flush thought — what he
could hardly say. He felt that London, Wimpole
Street had become intolerable. Dreadful men lived in
London who chained one to the table leg. ~~It was a~~
One must escape if possible. But how — & where? &
when? & what would happen to them next? ~~It~~
~~There can be no doubt that the day~~ As the days
passed his restlessness increased. Wilson seemed
changed too. Was she not also secreting brown paper
parcels in her bedroom — opening drawers, & shutting
them in a hurry — arranging packets in a bag; &
the servants a small case, & taking them out &
getting them in again. Flush was perfectly
certain that these preparations were mysterious.

5.36 (Sept 10th ~~Anna made~~)

And then on Saturday September 12th, Miss
Barrett left the house ~~about~~ soon after ten in
the morning. ~~to~~ Wilson went with her. They went in a fly.
They did not take Flush. Wilson came back
alone. But by half past four that afternoon,
Miss Barrett was back in her bedroom again:
she was, as usual, writing one of those letters that
as Flush knew by this time always had to
catch the post because they were addressed to Mr.

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Browning. But before she lay down, as she took her things off, he saw her slip something shining, circular, smooth off her left hand & promptly hide it. That this action was connected with the slipper, the boots & the secrecy, adventure he had no doubt. Yet things went on in the same way next day. Sunday, all the six brothers were sitting in Miss Barrett's room laughing, talking & discussing the matter of the leaving town, & two or three women from Herefordshire were there too. What a din there was, to be sure; & in the midst of them chatter, some Church bells began ringing. & one of the ladies said "What bells are those?" & Miss Henrietta who was standing behind Miss Barrett's chair said "Marylebone Church bells!"

And then Mr. Kenyon came.

The days passed. Mr Barrett came in on Sunday & was very kind. Mr. Kenyon came again.

And ~~then, on Friday night Flush all Flush~~ But A house was taken at Tunbridge Wells. on Friday night Flush – it seems certain – saw two boxes – one a light bag & the other a carpet bag going ~~down~~. leaving Miss

B took a portmanteau & a carpet bag

a light bag & a carpet bag between W. & Miss B.

The boxes left on ~~Sat.~~ Friday evng.

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Monday [illegible], or Monday & Wednesday. It was settled now
that the whole family ~~were~~ was to move the next
week to a house at Great Bookham — a great event
& the house were to be painted — great events both. for
it was many years since the family had left
Wimpole Street; many years since number fifty
had been painted. ~~And~~ But on Friday night ~~Flush~~
all ~~that~~ Flush's ~~had expected~~ suspicions were
turned to certainty — two bags — one belonging to
Wilson, one to Miss Barrett left the house.
What Wilsons contained, he did not know: but he
saw with his own eyes that Miss Barretts box
— a small one — contained the flannel lined slippers,
the thick boots & ~~a~~ & a packet containing
all the letters she had received ~~in~~ since January
1845 from Mr. Browning. Next ~~morning~~
day, ~~but~~ about ~~a quarter to four, when the house~~
was empty & quiet, ~~Wilson came fully dressed into~~ Miss Barrett who was
~~Miss Barretts room;~~ Miss Barrett
fully dressed soon after luncheon Miss Barrett
dressed lately as if for a walk. About a quarter to
four Wilson appeared, also fully dressed.
The house was quiet & empty as usual at that
hour of the afternoon — ~~they~~ ~~yet~~ ~~they had~~
the hour when Mr. Browning had come so often,
& been admitted to sit alone with Miss Barrett.
Now they left the bedroom. Everything was in
order, as if to receive visitors — there was the
big table, & the little table with ~~a~~ railing round it; the

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They had suffered much in that room, they had enjoyed much.

bookcase covered in red merino, the five busts, & the curtains embroidered with a castle gate & peasants still letting the light through, & while the ivy spread its green leaves as usual. Miss Barrett knew; Flush knew. Both of them knew that they would never set eyes upon the bedroom, & the busts, or the purple cups again. ~~And~~ Then they, stepping gently downstairs, ~~they~~ ~~the~~ past the drawing room, the study & the dining room, all smelling as they usually smell on a fine September afternoon, they ~~reached the~~ opened the hall door & hailed a fly; stepped gently into the Bus.

~~Drive~~ "~~To Hodgson's~~" ~~said Miss Barrett;~~

~~Had~~ ~~And Flush sat on her knee.~~

~~he~~ Miss Barrett hailed a fly.

"To Hodgsons" she said.

Flush sat upright on her knee. ~~For no~~ No power in the world could have ~~made~~ induced him ~~him~~ back.

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Chapter 5

Italy & Love.

When he was taken ~~out of~~ from the box in which the ~~Italian~~ railway authorities compelled dogs at that time to travel, Flush ~~found himself in Italy~~. might well have trembled. ~~Now~~ what sight was to greet him & now? Last time he had ~~suffered~~ ~~misfortune~~ ~~that~~ he had been tumbled out into a ~~Shoreditch~~ dark room in Seven dials. ~~Gallon & oaths, smells & beatings had~~ not an atmosphere thick with smoke, with smells; he had been beaten & sworn at. Now he found himself in Italy.

[margin: with anticipation of what was to come.]

What change could be more astonishing?

Here were no ~~wide~~ bare Here were no rooms, lonely. Here were Dark kindly people bright rooms; flooded with light: talking a language which, if unintelligible, was musical. Certainly it was not Shoreditch; nor was it Wimpole Street. There was no basement, no Kitchen smells. no The ~~so~~ ~~rooms~~ was drawing room, dining room study. The rooms were almost floors were tiled. ~~They were~~ The rooms were almost empty. There was no sound of traffic. There were no soft carpets, or dark corners; no baths; no books. ~~Where~~ Everything poured a fine bright light though it was ~~October~~. late autumn. They gave him roasted chestnuts instead of mutton chops. The colour, the sharpness of everything was astonishing. The vanishing of doors, & where were the cabs, the horses, the shops? There was hardly any one in the streets. The streets were muddy lanes. The houses were small & bright & clean coloured. Bells rang. Mule carts came trotting. The light, the air, the sense of freedom & adventure went to his head.

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Italy was not England. ~~What this~~ In every detail the life was
different. It was not merely that there were no embroidered
blinds to the windows, no mutton chops for dinner. The social
world was completely changed. In England, as we
have seen, there was a Spaniel Club which regulated
the race, & kept its ranks pure. But ~~scrutiny~~
all scrutiny has so far failed to reveal the existence of a
Spaniel Club in Italy. That there were dogs,
was perfectly true; but there was a society of mongrels, a
society that had grown up without standards or
any of that close attention to nice distinctions which
had for centuries prevailed in England. The
Gravel [illegible] paved [illegible] in the streets of Pisa.
If Spaniels there were, they propagated topknots.
Eight noses with impunity. One of the most perplex &
puzzling of all ~~a traveller~~ question that the traveller
can put to himself is what breed is does that dog
belong to? — & as often as not he has to conclude that it is
a cur. That scrupulous attention to points
which we in England take as a matter of course,
that perpetual attention to the education & upbringing of
dogs. These admirably appointed kennels which
are the glory of every English high road, those
establishments for boarding out dogs, for treating of sick dogs
invalids, for whelping cares; ~~for~~ all that immense
net work of organisation which ensures that the breed of
dogs shall be kept pure, healthy, & well bred
is ~~not only~~ but little known unknown in Italy now; & what the state
of Pisa was in the year 1846 we can scarcely conjecture.
Flush therefore must have felt himself singularly alone.

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Chapter Five.

Life in Italy ~~& Love~~.

When at length Flush was taken from the box in which the railway authorities then condemned dogs to travel, ~~an extraordinary light met his eyes.~~ he was completely ~~completely nonplussed by what he~~ ~~[illegible] in the [illegible]~~ ~~by his new surroundings.~~ he found himself in completely new surroundings. A clear bright light ~~flooded over everything~~ poured over him: a hot & a gentle [illegible] breeze: the first smells that met his nostrils were the sharp unfamiliar smells of roasting chestnuts & burning pine ~~&~~ wood. ~~Their~~ A ~~hot [illegible] [illegible] into the~~ in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rooms & The rooms themselves were bare. There were no soft carpets closing round the paws, & but little furniture & but of doors one half of the street was bitterly cold, the other burning hot. The pavement was dry as bone: & ~~smells~~ The smells in the street, which was more like a lane than a street were of extreme pungency, & ~~purity~~. There was no mud, no rain standing in puddles. There was none of that ~~confusion~~, richness of smell ~~that made a walk~~ ~~the Bond Street & or Regent Street so thick with~~ There was none of that rich confusion of smell that made a walk down Bond Street or Regent Street, ~~so~~ among heavily draped human bodies so distracting: nor did odours of beef, mutton & pastry ~~[illegible]~~ rise from areas. On the other hand, there was a smell ~~that~~ ~~[illegible] unknown~~ to Flush — & could not at first account for — a smell that seemed to come from the ~~white [illegible] from the~~ ~~the~~ age stone, the rough abraded stone that ever was constantly ~~[illegible]~~ rubbing against — & ~~to~~ a [illegible] [illegible] a keen smell, often used that made one inclined to sneeze that came wafted [illegible] [illegible] from the shadowy cold houses from in great gusts from within their ~~[illegible] this~~ which Wilson was for ever pulling him: ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & The masked women smelt two differently from English beggars: &

Tho' it was November when he walked he cd. hear his feet on the tiles. & undraped.

One cd. keep one's feathers dry [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Nowhere when he trotted into those great halls, where there was a
booming, a sighing & an incense of the tickling smell – nobody seemed
to mind. ~~High shrill voices spoke a language~~
The voices were high & shrill, speaking a musical language.
~~Heavy~~ ~~foot~~ often with great violence. Instead of the solid
hum of ~~traffic~~ traffic, there was a rattling, a crying, a jingling,
a shouting. Singular at first very distracting.

Superstitious

The social world too was completely changed. Once
In London one cd. scarcely trot round to the [illegible]
Wilson &...

She felt herself an aristocrat among a plebeian mob. The
~~[illegible]~~ Miss Barrett – or as she was now
called Mrs Browning – complained that he had
grown impudent & noisy. Since the natural result of the
sudden & complete relaxation of all the rules of
English society – ~~the same~~ It told upon them all to some
extent, according to their characters. Mrs Browning
delighted in the change. How simple, how sensible, how cheap, how
charming it was, she was always exclaiming, compared
with the absurd conventionality & pompous stupidity of
English life! Turkeys cost only Italian countesses
supplied their own hose, did their own hair, . then went to
court blazing in diamonds. One could live in Italy
for half a third of the price that one paid in England
~~Wilson hesitated~~ But then Mrs Browning had
always been inclined to underrate the value of settled habits.
& domestic decorum. Wilson did not give up her English
habits without a fight for them. When she went first
went to a gallery, she walked out at once, ~~because Venus~~
was naked. ~~But [illegible]~~ And, when, though she

(struck back by the indecency of the Venus)

others of a ladies an English ladies maid she took up
her ~~station~~ at the door of the reception room
had a sight of the ladies of the grand ducal court
she 'said it was all very shabby in comparison with our

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"English Court". Even so, the superb figure gone of the Dukes body guard caught her attention & attracted her beyond her reason.

And if love could thus brandish his torch in such a way as to cloud Wilson's eye & banish from them the old, the sedate, the respectable figures of butlers & footmen of Wimpole Street, we can scarcely be surprised if Flush too, after a momentary struggle, did what he would never have done had he continued to live ~~under the~~ in a land where the rules of the Spaniel Club are held in observance. He was not a stranger to the passion of love. It is almost certain that he was the father of a child ~~when~~ before he came to Wimpole Street. An allusion in one of Miss Mitford's letters ~~to~~ seems to prove that he had been mated successfully with a lady of an hig of quality in the neighbourhood of Three Mile Cross. Opportunities for love were few in Wimpole ~~Street,~~ &

Low there is no evidence that he had any ~~lasting~~ affection for any of his kind ~~while he was~~ during his residence there. ~~A match~~ Catiline the ~~bloodhound was obviously~~ unsuitable, & Henrietta's black & tan King Charles was & the Spaniel Club would never have countenanced an alliance with Miss Henrietta's black & tan King Charles Spaniel. Nature had effectually ~~certain~~ interfered to prevent any but the coldest the most perfunctory intercourse ~~of~~ between Flush & Catiline the bloodhound. At But in Italy social conventions crumbled fast. first Flush did his best to maintain the traditions of an English aristocrat. But not only was it impossible to maintain his rank impossible to overawe the canaille — with [illegible] the twenty pounds that Dr. Mitford had refused for him — that he had been selected by Mr. Posey brother to the famous ecclesiastic — but that he possessed everyone of the points recommended by the Spaniel Club — that he was capable of marriage

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with the first Spaniels of Ware, — these claims were ~~as~~ so
much Greek to the mongrel curs of Pisa, who had never heard
of Dr Mitford, Mr. Purley, or the Spaniel Club of Great
Britain: ~~And then~~, And when convention crumbles, nature
asserts her sway. Flush was a dog, ~~still in the pr~~ whose
passions, ~~linka~~ were none the less vigorous for repression
~~At~~ He ~~can~~ He can scarcely be blamed if in the circumstances
he gave way as Wilson gave way, as Mrs Browning gave way;
& he felt bubble upon him those general impulses which
fate had long sealed down; & he for him often despaired of
finding anyone of his own degree (save for the "spotted Spaniel
up the alley) in this republican land, where
all claims to birth & breeding had been demolished
among the dogs, & Dane loved with a freedom
he did as they did: & in fairness to Flush it must be
remembered that he inherited, through the Spaniels
ancestors, some of the Latin vivacity, the Latin
ebullience, the Latin amorosity which is never
joined, & therefore has no need to be combated, in the
bull dogs, mastiffs, sheep dogs, & other races indigenous
to Great Britain. Had Miss Emily Brontë's
Keeper, or Sir Walter Scott's Maida visited Italy
there can be no doubt that they would have
kept more severely to the customs of the country.
But it is useless to claim for Flush the virtues of
dogs who were strong precisely where he was weak.

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Chapter ~~Three~~ Five: (revision)

~~When Flush~~ In those days it was the barbarous habit of the railway authorities to confine dogs in boxes when they travel. When Flush emerged from ~~this blackness~~ this confinement he must have thought ~~humility~~ is that the world had lost its sense. There was Miss Barrett ~~sitting~~ on a ~~stone~~ rock in the ~~middle~~ midst of rushing water with water roaring round her. ~~He dashed through the water~~ A fountain spurted up. There were dark trees standing round. Mr Browning sat by her. Flush dashed through the water to where she sat & splashed her & ~~humbly~~ drenched himself. "... he is baptised in Petrarch's name" said Miss Barrett, or as they ~~Mrs Browning~~ now called her. At Vaucluse, after valour, though it had cost her a wetting. Then he was shut in his box again & emerged ~~once more in a next time~~ ~~very large ancient house~~, once more, in a room, this time, in a large house — but a ~~house~~ that had nothing in common with Miss Barrett's bedroom, in a house that was utterly different from ~~50~~ fifty Wimpole Street.

He was ~~of~~ a Latin by descent. He had latent in him all the Latin vivacity, the Latin susceptibility, the Latin ~~ar~~ amorousness ~~in a word~~ which are so foreign to the bull dog, the mastiff & the old English sheep dog. If Miss Brontë's Keeper, or Sir Walter Scott's Maida had visited Italy & been exposed to the temptations to which Flush was exposed, there is no doubt ~~but~~ that they would have triumphed. But Flush was not Keeper, nor was he Maida; & soon Mrs Browning had to note that Flush had grown very overbearing in Italy,

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but 'goes out every day & speaks Italian to the little dogs'".

Soon they moved to Florence & took up their residence in the Palazzo Guidi. Spring came, & with it the astonishing heat of Italy. As the acacias & the lilacs ~~trees~~ & the Judas trees burst into blossom, as the sun blazed through the olive trees, Flush must have felt that the old ~~world~~ dark world of Wimpole Street was burnt to ashes. X Nothing remained of those Indian shawls, ~~Kaporcci~~, those of all those books, & red morocco. ~~So significant that he always called her so~~ ~~Miss Barrett~~

all They walked in the Cascine, ~~instead of Regents~~ ~~Park~~ Park, & saw "the grass like emeralds, & the pheasants all alive & flying. What a contrast with Regents Park

~~X~~ Nothing remained of all those Indian shawls & muffles & rugs. Miss Barrett — for he persisted in so calling her — wore a ~~thick~~ the thinnest white ~~muslin~~ muslin, & sat out on the balcony ~~with~~ in the thinnest white muslin. The rooms were large & so light, ~~that~~ & ~~of fast only~~ though by degrees some furniture filled them, — indeed there were in time light sofas & six chests of drawers — they were of a very different fashion from the furniture of Wimpole Street. Over the fireplace in the drawing room hung a glass with a carved gilt frame, & two cupids held the lights. The drawing room chairs were old & carved. Green blinds hung in front of the windows, to keep out the violence of the sun. All the bedrooms were hung with white muslin curtains. The bedroom was furnished with a walnutwood chest of drawers inlaid with ivory; & another of ebony & ivory, with gilt handles representing Tritons holding masks. But

92 ~~Everything was light & carved & gilt. &~~

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though in the old days furniture had meant a great deal to Flush
& he had been inclined to idolise cupboards & wardrobes
he was now ~~so largely indifferent to the wonders of rooms~~
~~He~~ was depended very little upon rooms. He went out
every day. ~~Mr Browning~~ The presence of Mr Browning
in ~~the house~~ The compact 'to love & not bite
Mr Browning had ~~good. He~~ borne fruit. He was on
the best of terms with the man who had worn kid gloves —
carried an umbrella; ~~they were a~~ the presence of this
energetic, erudite, restless & robust man undoubtedly
had its share in ~~shaping Flush's~~ the development &
~~establishment of Flush's character~~. They went out daily
together. Indeed, if Mr Browning were late in setting out "
he stands up before him & barks in the most
imperious manner possible." Indeed, he was no
longer dependent upon a companion. He took the law
in his own hands & went out by himself. "... he goes
out by himself & stays hours together with Mr
Sister 103 Browning — "— knows every street in Florence — will
have his own way in everything." His appearance had
improved. "The hair has grown again all glossily &
brown, & if you were to see how his eyes blaze!
but his insolence of vain-glory is incredible even
for Flush" ... " Still she added, with a
fairness of judgment that does her honour "For
wisdom, he gets wiser & wiser. Nobody
would ever call Flush, Folly" (Folly was the
name of a worthless King Charles) — ... Mrs
Browning though she might deplore certain
characteristics, had the magnanimity to reflect
that it is only by living one's own life to the full
& testing & exploring one's own character that one
attains wisdom.

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And indeed if the biographer had to choose one word in which to sum up the change ~~that was now manifest~~ in Flush, it would be the one that Mrs Browning wrote ~~the attic~~ a poet's aptitude herself chose — wisdom. [Years of foreign freedom,] The Italian sun had ripened him, & matured the credulities ~~which had made him~~ of youth. The nervous emotional ~~instability~~ & emotional ~~of youth — exaggerated in his case by the~~ dog who had flung himself barking violently upon Mr. Kenyon because he wore a cloak, upon Mr Browning, because he carried an umbrella, & now stood by Mrs Browning's side on the balcony & watched the ~~Pitti Palace opposite ablaze with lights of~~ [the] exuberance of Italian joy — when the whole Pitti [palace] opposite was illuminated — when the Grand Duke was restored; & ~~shared her~~ watched ~~saw the triumphal procession,~~ Grand Dukes carriage pass in "the midst of a "milky way" of waxen torchlights! The people poured down the streets; ~~Mrs B. on the balcony clapped & clapped.~~ Two wax candles were lit in each of their five windows. Mrs. B. clapped & clapped. As for Flush, he took a more philosophic view. ~~His enthusiasm was~~ There wags his tail at the ~~He "takes the All glory were high~~ ~~a little expert.~~ = H Essentials ~~political ... were a little expert.~~ [avec] [friends], & ~~(He) takes the Grand Duke as a sort of neighbour [?]~~ whom it is proper so to patronise, but . . . Grand Dukes come & go; soon the Austrian would be riding through the same streets, & the people would be scowling & the windows dark: ~~as for himself, it was better to keep one's heart on~~

Increasing years

Lain crouched at two ... feet with head on a ... .

'was drawn out in fire'.

Letter. K. 1. 357

to celebrate the establishment
of the Civic Guard

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It is vain to pin our hopes on Grand Dukes: ~~better far~~ find they are apt to disappoint one in the long run; "the spotted spaniel in the alley to the left" was possessed, in his opinion of more "inherent merit & dignity"; & so Flush ~~gave himself to the delights of love & let the~~ let the pomps & vanities of the world sweep by, & trotted off down some alley to those private affairs which ~~would~~ yield truer satisfaction in the long run. ~~The intense gregarious nature of the Dog~~ ~~Mrs Browning noted with amusement~~

[Margin: than all the Grand Dukes in Creation; to enjoy those delights wh. no can be held & possessed & clasped to one in a single moment that annihilates time.]

x with complete composure. He ~~Flush~~ sat for three & half hours at the window with his front paws on the sill, & his ears hanging down (L. 346) while the people paraded & shouted, & clouds & white hand kerchiefs fluttering like doves x, clouds of flowers & laurel leaves floating down on the heads of those who passed; but he confessed at last that he thought they were rather long about it, ... & off he ran, while Mr & Mrs Browning were still waving handkerchiefs; ~~for a Dog had called~~; he spent the night out, & only got back the next morning, looking, as Mr B said, "very guilty & conscious of evil on his return." It appeared that, sick of the pomp & ceremony he had gone off with a little dog who passed at the moment; & had come back tired & guilty as if he had been celebrating other matters than the establishment of the Civic Guard.

"Quite disgraceful for a respectable dog like him." Mr Browning said reproachfully

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Letter K. 357 a few months later (Feb. 1848) there was the same
hubbub all over again. The Grand Duke had granted a
Constitution to Florence. So they ~~[illegible]~~ again there were crowds —
wax torches blazing in front of the Casa Guidi windows,
where candles burnt, & Mrs B. again stood clapping:
"Through the dark night a great flock of stars
seemed sweeping up the Piazza" — as for Flush.

Mrs Browning whose enthusiasm burnt brightly, brightly,
was amused, perhaps slightly annoyed by these proofs of
Flush's philosophical temper. All games ~~seemed~~ wa[s]
distasteful to him: — ~~the sea~~ not only crowds — &
popular rejoicings — but panoramas, crags, & [illegible]
sublimities of nature. They took him in a bullock
cart to Vallombrosa. "He hated Vallombrosa, & was
frightened out of his wits by the pine forests . . .
Flush" Mrs B. concluded, "likes civilised life, &
L. K. the society of little dogs with turned up tails,
342. such as Florence abounds with:
It was happy for him that he did; for soon,
his philosophy was to be tried.
He hated had no taste for views; none whatever for
113 distant prospects in mountains & nature in her
Letter to Jsabella loneliness. ✗ But luckily they came to a town,
his [illegible] was [illegible] & when Mrs
Browning having on those thick boots that she had bought in
Pisa, started off on a donkey, up a precipice,
112 where one step wd. have been fatal, — along
the dry beds of exhausted torrents, over rocks
crumbling [illegible], mountains, with a [illegible]
Flush was disgusted. He But luckily they came to a town,

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x

that one cannot be said to have attained wisdom, in the Greek sense of the word, until one has proved every sense & every faculty — which cannot be satisfactorily contrived in a back bedroom in Wimpole Street.

But ~~the though~~ [Mr. ~~& Mrs.~~ Browning ~~stood all that time~~ on the window], Flush, ~~after all, had reasons for~~ who had always shown an unfailing knowledge of what is to come, whose nose for change, was as keen as his sense of a hare, already perceived, there can be no doubt, that he would need all his philosophy ~~& would soon have to adapt himself~~ to ~~a change~~. ~~One morning~~ The ~~day~~ came when he was ~~required~~ to bear himself well in the greatest trial that was now to befall be laid upon him. ~~He was~~ The day he was required to keep a baby. That he could have done without a shiver under ordinary circumstances. But as well as another. But this was no ordinary baby, & ~~No greater trial could have been devised than~~ to ~~understand~~ Mr & ~~Mrs~~ Browning's drama, he was given to the household. the baby. It was part of the ~~household~~. And when we reflect Mrs Browning had had a baby. And when we reflect that, as Mr Browning's letters tell us, Flush had never acknowledged that she was a married woman, that he had clung to the maiden name, one can get some inkling of the inner drama with what ~~he~~ he had perceived. ~~surrounded her~~ — she had always been to him as he saw her first. Their relationship had been the permanent, the important one. ~~And~~ tender. Beneath these appearances — wedding rings, husbands — had always lain this ~~separa~~ sense of Miss Barrett of somebody still untouched, intact, the same as she had been in Wimpole Street, the angel who had rescued him: their relation had been the permanent the important one — & now Miss Barrett had somehow been transformed beyond his knowledge, part Mrs Browning, into a mother.

Could one ignore that?

Child born
March 9th 1849

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He had wrecked Wiener – accepted the baby: ate paper;
suffered from fleas: was doctored: went to Vallombrosa:
disliked scenery: preferred other dogs: went to England.

Carlyle:

Came back. The baby.

Sleep: warmth. Saw Kingsley.

Around need philosophy courage love to meet.

But Flush, who had always shown an uncanny
knowledge of what is to come, whose nose for change
was as keen as his nose for a hare, already
perceived, we cannot doubt, that a change impended, o
one that ~~could~~ ~~only~~ be ~~met~~ by philosophy & courage, &
this for ~~that~~ he had accepted Mr Browning &
faithfully observed the compact to love & not bite
that had been ratified by the stale cakes on
Sept. 1846. But he had ~~never~~ ~~formally agreed to~~
~~allow that the~~ accepted Mr Browning on terms of his own:
he had never allowed Mr Browning to transform her in
Mrs Browning. She was always to Flush "Miss Barrett".
Their relationship – the relationship begun ~~of the be~~ bed room at
Wimpole Street – continued unbroken, ~~even if another~~
peculiar, untouched by any company with the fact that the man – ~~& he who~~
was a man Flush liked admired & respected from the bottom
of his heart – ~~had established a footing~~ taken up his
living with them. with another. There can be no
~~do~~ Flush accepted Mr Browning fully & entirely; he
admired & respected him from ~~the~~ bottom of his heart
but he did not admit ~~that~~. But now a
break undoubtedly occurred; now the relationship
with Miss Barrett was complicated in a way that
Flush cannot have relished. On March 9th 1849
Miss Barrett had a bad baby. For a fortnight

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Flush, as Mrs Browning wrote to Miss Mitford, "fell into deep melancholy – & was proof against all attentions lavished on him." But soon he summoned his philosophy: he took stock of the world as the world was known to him; he accepted the fact, ~~as~~ though it ~~seems~~ likely that his relationship with Miss Barrett – Elias ~~Scotthea~~ [is to say] he now saw the propriety of calling her Mrs Browning & thus signified ~~to those who~~ he delicately but conclusively that he realised that their relations had changed. "He begins to be consoled a little – & even condescends to patronise the cradle" Mrs Browning notes. And then, as the days drew on, Flush realised that childhood has certain advantages; ~~or~~ even certain similarities. ~~with the philosophy of dogs~~. He ~~had already~~ felt the curious lack of proportion ~~as we have seen the grown men & women he had observed~~, [Their sense of proportion was similar] Their Exasperated him had taught, to stand on balconies waving handkerchiefs, to light candles & throw flowers all because a Grand duke has said this or that! No dog now; when he went upstairs & found his good friend Wilson, sitting with her hands on a table listening ~~intently to tapping~~ to the voice of spirits which assured her that she was about to be taken ill, his common sense was nauseated: Mr Hume seemed to him as bad as a knife grinder; the company of the baby was much more to his taste. ~~He~~ There was a good sense, a sense of fact, a belief in the reality of physical objects which made him feel sympathy with the baby. The baby earned Flush's respect. ~~When they went out~~ together, soon July 1849 the baby was

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was riding on Flush's back, & ~~which Flush was by nature~~

& pulling his ears, conduct which, ~~though he would have~~ he disliked

exceedingly. He allowed the baby to ride on his back &

412 pull his ears: ~~[illegible]~~ indeed, ~~he only for~~ he liked him — just

as if he liked it, which was not the case.

Now too, when they went on their summer expeditions —

for Mrs Browning's health had improved wonderfully &

the boots she had bought in London for Italian mountains

were pulled on & she thought nothing of scrambling

among hills — ~~when~~ Flush had a companion ~~in the baby~~

who shared his tastes ~~point of~~ view. ~~Nobody enjoyed~~

~~travelling more than Flush~~ Now, as anybody who has

followed his psychology with sympathy will be sure,

Flush was an admirable traveller. He loved the rattle of

carriage over roads. "Never, Mrs Browning wrote "was there

2 382 so good a dog in a carriage before his time!"

He was reliable, adventurous, though not foolhardy;

an admirable temper easily with innkeepers &

~~the~~ — But the obsession with scenery, the tendency of

men & women to get up & look at mountains, [illegible]

had always seemed to him imbecile. 'He has a

supreme contempt for ~~[illegible]~~ trees or hills or anything

of that kind," & indeed when there was nothing to be

seen from the window but trees & hills" he

drew in his head from the window & did not

2 383 consider it worth looking at." ~~But~~

He ~~lay [illegible]~~ Mr & Mrs Browning might make

what images, what reflections, deduce what they chose from

about ~~wonderful~~ the Apennines, their shapes —

colours, the almost visionary scenery of the

Apennines, is the sudden transitions & [illegible]

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individuality of these mountains, the chestnut forests
dropping by their own weight into the deep ravines,
the rocks cloven & clawed by the living torrents" " " —
Oh how Flush yawned, how he stretched his legs & scratched his
head — but once let them enter a village, then " his
Eyes were starting out of his head with eagerness;
he looked east, he looked west, you would conclude
he was taking notes or preparing them."
Now in these preferences he was upheld by the baby
~~Penini~~ Wiedemann as they tried to call him, but this
absurd name was soon to yield to Penini. He too
though philosophic enough in a carriage, was agreed
Mr B / to Miss / 114 — with Flush. Forests & mountains he felt were
nothing to crowded streets with carriages & men.

~~More & more as time went on, the~~ Flush
~~Humanity life.~~ The actual, the palpable, what one
can feel & taste & enjoy at the moment, ~~were~~
this now became the staple of Flush's philosophy.
Nature of course, ~~which has did her best to float this~~
that obstinate twist in the very heart of things which no
~~Whole~~ philosopher can think away or suffer silently
[illegible] of course, ~~with the complete~~ & fairest
here that the most reasonable schemes of life, the
most profound theories of life, are at the mercy of
fate. What is most durable is at the same time
intertwined with what we most detest. Flush,
~~who loved Sun~~ ~~Heat~~ The Sun, mother of all good things,
~~the grapes which Flush at~~ the sun that brought the
made the streets warm at night, that made the
pavements dry, that ripened the grapes that Flush
1 p — loved to devour voraciously brought ~~all~~ also the
393 — Great scourge of the fleas. "Savonarola's martyrdom

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in Florence
here" wrote Mrs Browning "is scarcely worse than Flush's in the
summer." For with the summer came the fleas. They settled in
his coat. ~~His curly~~ He tore his curls off in his irritation:
He was sometimes tortured to the verge ~~of sometimes~~ of
despair'. ~~& Mr B~~ ~~The Brownings were eager to help.~~
He tore off his curls with the irritation. Mrs ~~the~~
Browning (did their best. they) went down on their knees & combed him "
with a basin of water on one side" but it was
342 useless. "He suffers to such a degree from fleas that I
cannot bear to witness it". ~~But~~ said Mrs Browning,
& at length, when the people of Florence ~~so far~~ ne
— with ~~the Italian callousness to dogs~~ that indifference
to dogs which the traveller notices as among the less
amiable characteristics of a gifted race — ~~imputed~~
424 insulted him by the imputation of mange,
Mr Browning "wouldn't bear it any longer (he is as
fond of Flush as I am), & taking a pair of scissors,
clipped him all over into the likeness of a lion!"
In the old days, the days of Wimpole Street, when the
Mortal Essences brought ~~the~~ into play the full
forces of social criticism, Flush would have
bitterly resented any treatment, however salutary,
that conflicted with the rules of the Spaniel Club or
brought down the censure of ~~the~~ society, but now,
won another perspective prevailed, ~~as he~~ ~~though~~
balancing one thing with another he decided that
health is ~~better th~~ with ugliness is better than
disease with beauty & though ugly, was in the
highest spirits. ~~His~~ He devoured grapes; he
swam in the sea; ~~his~~ he gave himself wholly &
rapturously — but with that touch of discretion in
rapture that was now characteristic of him to the

In the old days for a Cocker Spaniel to have gone about clipped like a lion

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delight of health, & warmth, & Italy. ~~Only sometimes he must have~~
wondered. ~~Strange things took place among~~ The baby cared for
him, played with him, & indeed prayed for him "That he
might regain his curls'! ~~Only once~~ All was well. The
~~And yet after~~ Just as he was ~~about to~~ ~~well had~~ he had
mastered vanity & jealousy; love was showered on him; the
richest ~~& abstruse of the Dogs of Florence was~~ he came & went as
he chose. And yet — sometimes he must have paused;
sometimes as he was about to burst into the drawing room he
must have stopped. Doubts must have overcome him.
~~Strang~~ ~~A sense of strangeness~~, strange intimations,
hints, savours from a world beyond the Keen must have reached
his nostrils. What was Wilson doing sitting at a
table ~~which reeled & rocked beneath~~ rapt in meditation?
Suddenly the table reeled & rocked beneath her fingers &
~~She went off into a state of the strangest ecstasy.~~
Then Wilson began scribbling at a furious rate;
~~Mr Browning took the papers~~ then she went to her room &
was ill. Strange men came about the house.
A shrouded darkened air ~~hung~~ hung over the drawing room.
Perhaps, once or twice, crouched under the table at Mr
~~Mrs~~ Brownings feet, he heard raps & taps & exclamations;
saw them clutching at hands. & ~~Mrs~~ exclaiming that
they had hold of some thing hard — ~~ex~~ blurting out
in an agonised voice sounds that to him seemed
like gibberish — He trembled, he whimpered
but one can scarcely doubt that ~~one such~~
~~sitting was enough~~ for him & that finding the
door open & made his escape into the Inn, into the
Street, into that alley where the Spotted Spaniel
lived. ~~Reality~~, & again ~~only~~ drowned his doubts
of human extravagance in a the arms of ~~his~~ the
Spotted Spaniel.

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nerves

the tremulous & shaking

No, no, he could not ~~all~~ believe in floating hands, or in the
~~sound~~ that rump up table legs, or that Wilson had
suddenly become the mouthpiece of some defunded
ghost, ~~whose~~ — but he trotted into the hot streets,
& found consolation in smell, in touch, in the
cavernous blackness & coolness of some arch: in the
dry brittle heat of the olive fields, in the taste of grapes, in
the fish ~~fish~~ slap & sting of the waves. His
appearance improved. His coat shone lustrous.

~~The final trial of his philosophy however was~~
~~But it is easy to be a philosopher when every~~
It is all very well to philosophise ~~in moderation~~
~~that~~ when every sight & smell ~~is~~ serves but to affirm &
consolidate approve. ~~For it was a far~~ more severe
test of Flush's ~~Flush's~~ the wisdom that Flush had
acquired in Florence ~~was~~ It was one thing to
believe in Democracy, fraternity & warmth, sun, ~~walk the~~
the dominance of the senses in Florence: another to hold
to those beliefs in the orderly, order, discipline, the mud, the
dark, the highly organised social life of London.
Twice Flush was to ~~prove how far he held fast to his~~
undergo the test. Twice he returned to England,
saw Wimpole Street, took his walks in the stately
neighbourhood of Regents Park & ~~the~~ Bond St.
Mr. Browning actually went into the house again
"As to the drawing room, they seemed to me
smaller, darker, somehow, & the furniture wanted ~~The blind the~~,
fitness & convenience," the waste.

Sister
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~~Whether~~ Perhaps ~~they~~ ~~Flush~~ they of Flush ~~ventured~~ upstairs into the
back bedroom, ~~whether they~~ & looked at the
perhaps the beasts & the cont & embroidered blind, the

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Loper, & the Mr. Browning's arm chair were still there - Perhaps the Church bells rang out. Certainly Mr Browning visited the Church & kissed the stone where they had stood ~~to be~~ when they were married

But how dark, inconvenient, & expensive the life was; how badly the houses were arranged; how ~~Did~~ Did it was true that ~~the streets were full of~~ splendour of the dogs, the care lavished upon them, their beauty, their breeding the importance attached to them, the frequency of dog shows, the severity of the social standard, the strictness with which the canons of the Kennel Club ~~was~~ were observed must have gratified Flush - He must often have felt that this was his home - that his past lay here; that here his points were valued at their true worth, & that his talents - had the Brownings for example bought a little house in a shooting county - might have come to their fullest fruition - But still he had to wear a lead; the cholera had not yet passed London of its Taylors; the lodgings were small; the door had to be locked; the streets were often heaped with mud; the smells lacked the pungency of the Italian smells, & they formed a cheekiness, a richness a variety of their own. As for society: Society was strictly regulated. Mrs

When Mrs Carlyle called upon Mrs Browning no doubt she had Nero with her. But Nero lacked the amenity, the finesse of the South. Nero was emphatically a drawing room dog quivering shivering sensitive, sophisticated; ~~alive~~ alive no doubt to a thousand shades & subtleties of demeanour that Flush had grown impervious to, shocked perhaps by his happy go lucky manners; apt to shiver & draw

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humbly up & nose for shelter to Mrs Carlyle's stiff black skirts. No,
for all its opulence, & that indescribable air of solidity
importance, & a civilisation that rolled on without shock or
uncertainty, with a Queen on the throne, & carriages with
Dalmatian hounds running behind, ~~there was~~
Flush stood by it; — Flush felt, as he trotted home
close to Wilson's skirts, these standards were nothing
standards, nor these manners any longer his. ~~They took~~
~~him to see~~ ~~He saw~~ what London had to offer. ~~He saw~~
~~many of the~~ most famous men. But what is fame,
~~what is~~ what England had to offer. He did not disparage,
he did not take offence hardly to criticise. But
when, the visit was over at last, when they
were actually crossing the channel, & that great
teacher, that great preacher of silence & night &
all the other Britannic virtues so Thomas Carlyle
loomed up on deck, Flush ~~showed the contempt with~~
~~frankly~~ showed his feelings simply but unmistakably: he was sick
"& he was ordered off the deck on purpose, poor dog",
said Mr Browning, ~~[illegible]~~ Nor is there any
record that he ever visited England again.

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Chapter Five.

Last Years & death.

Now the warm ~~shadow~~ of the ~~Italian Easter day~~ [in-]
long Italian day began to draw towards ~~evening~~ a
close. ~~Flush was no longer young. If ever a~~
day had ~~lived his life to the full~~ The heat began to go
out of the oliveyards; the ~~purple & gold~~ shadows lengthened;
peripheries twinkled; stars rose: the ~~sharp~~ edges of the
Florentine hills lost their sharpness. Flush began to grow old.
If, as there is reason to think, he was born in 1840, he
was fourteen years of age in 1854 when Penini, ~~the~~
prayed 'that Flush's hair may grow'. ~~& reckoning~~
& that prayer, uttered in March 1854 in Rome, is
~~at the moment of writing~~ The last mention of Flush
that has so far been made public. occurs in a
prayer, offered by Penini, in March 1854 – 'that
Flush's hair may grow'. ~~He would then, if we~~
~~accept the~~ ~~If we accept~~ ~~If we suppose that~~ If
~~than~~ he was born, as seems certain, in 1840 or in 1841
at latest, he was then a dog of thirteen or fourteen
years – ~~an age that~~ humanly ~~speaking, but~~ reckoning:
but by the dog reckoning he was aged about
~~50~~ sixty five. a ripe age, but an age that is often in
healthy people a happy, a mellow, a fruitful age.
But at sixty boar many of our most active men
consider that their active work is done. The wisest –
& Flush was wise – leave the conduct of the world to
others & ~~retire to the lovely~~ seek retirement.
practise contemplation. It is pleasant to think

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that Flush came to be ~~regarded~~ as occupy a dignified &
honoured position among the dogs of Florence. ~~His~~
Everybody knew him: his Even Everybody ~~made way for him~~ &
~~Gladly~~ welcomed the sight of the familiar red gold coat, his
his feathered feet, his long & curly ears. If his eyes
were less lustrous than before they burnt with a
deeper, mellower light. The sunniest corner of the pavement was
reserved for him in winter, the shadiest in summer — &
he never entirely lost his English dislike of ~~excessive~~ Italian
heat, or his English susceptibility to Italian fleas.
The young dogs would gather round him: they would
confide their peccadilloes, sure of a kindly listener; &
ask advice, sure of a wise counsellor. Nothing
can have exceeded his chivalry to the other sex.
Doubtless he had children now to the third & fourth
generation; but tho he was eminently a dog of the
public street,
market place, a dog of the
& the fact that he ~~had~~ had to consider himself, in the
social sense déclassé, that he had voluntarily
~~at ab~~ renounced his rank, & contracted
alliances which were not recognised by the Kennel
Club, which the Spaniel Club would ignore, no
doubt had its weight in loosening the family ties,
the strict bonds of family life; for ~~when a~~
~~of an English~~ the most tolerant & democratic
English peer — shall we say the late Duke of
Devonshire or Norfolk — would hardly
care to assert strictly the right of ~~the~~ a
coal black son by a negress, of a coffee yellow son by a
Chinese lady, to inherit the ancestral splendours of
Arundel & Chatsworth. ~~He must have known two~~

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to scatter a headlong caress

sometimes deaf Mr. Kirkup stopped to speak to him – sometimes violent Mr Landor passed in his headlong passage. Miss Isa Blagden, there can be no doubt, believing a friendly a feeling would stop to pat his head. And when the troops were marching, & the guns firing, when the whole of Italy was divided by some great clamour & talk of freedom. liberty & Garibaldi & Cavour & the French & the Austrians, the Emperor & the pope flew from lip to lip, when the houses were lit up for victory or darkened by defeat, Flush there can be no doubt, ~~kept all~~ sitting ~~kept~~ the dogs of Florence ~~enthralled while he spoke of England~~; with his own sage wisdom; & often turned the edge of their ardour into deeper & more broader channels.

Then doubtless he would be led on to tell stories of England; where democracy prevailed, & freedom & liberty: where nevertheless ~~he had~~ it was impossible to walk down Wimpole Street save on a lead, ~~lest one be~~ Chains; he would have to explain, a chain made of leather or steel, lest one should be kidnapped (that is thrown into a bag) & imprisoned in Seven Dials – a district, he would have to endeavour to explain, where dogs are chained to table legs, by black faced men, & given no water. Then, kindling, he would tell over again the whole story of those three famous imprisonments, & the dogs would crowd round him to listen, & he would go on, to tell them about old Dr. Mitford, & the greyhound, about Three Mile Cross, & the hunting & the coursing, about Kerenhappock & Sam, & how Mr. Perry brother in law to Dr. Perry – but then a sense of the

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ridiculous would come to his help, & he would ~~laugh~~ wag his tail & laugh & trot off & yawn &
laugh again; stretching lonely in the ~~shadow~~ of the Piazza dei
Signori; ~~& at~~ the gossiping dogs, who had never heard the
story before, would eye some attractive girl, with
~~something of a~~ look of ~~the~~ that reminded him of that
highly born lady — her name was EB called him — to whom
Miss Mitford — had introduced him one spring at Reading
long. long ago. ~~But~~

But there was one subject that he never discussed:
Miss Barrett's name never left his lips. However the gossips
might ply him; however he might be asked to tell
the story of those years, before Mr Browning came,
when he lay on the sofa in the back bedroom at
Miss Barrett's feet, with the five busts & the
tables & the book case covered in red merino,
he was dumb. And though he had been present, day
after day & heard every word that Mr Browning
said to Miss Barrett & she to him,
during the 91 visits that Mr Browning paid
Miss Barrett, he ~~was~~ refused to be drawn. ~~How can he so doubt but that~~
~~There was the~~
Mrs. Browning remained for him, in spite of her in spite of the spirits
Browning, in spite of Penini, always the same — something
& the Grand Dukes, higher, purer, more heroic than ordinary mortals.
~~She had~~ he dared not.
As for outliving her, he dared not.
He ~~still~~ kept intact, preserved in the vessel of his
complete dumbness, all that she had said,
all that she had done, all that they
meant to each other. More he still
lay on the sofa in the drawing room. Many a

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time. Flush broke up the street parties to trot home & sit beside her
in the when the Venetian blinds were drawn to keep out the
heat, or when, for she seemed to grow weaker, & no
more to fear the winter as she had feared it in
~~That~~ London, the chestnut wood logs blazed in the chimney;
& ~~the~~ lit up the naked Cupids which upheld the
mirror over the fireplace.

Yes, he was growing old; & the shelter of a room
came to suit him better than the clamour of the street.
He slept long hours now, with his ear drooping over
his paws: he lay curled on the end of the sofa
sleeping. ~~And~~ Voices, cries, the crack of * whips in
the street entered into his dreams. He scarcely
knew if he were sleeping or waking. whether this was
the truth or a dream. ~~Back & back~~ to
Was he hunting in some primeval forests?
among. Were there peers, men, rabbits? How
the men shouted! What strange language were they
speaking! The air echoed with that mysterious
syllable 'Span' — the mere sound of which quickened
his blood & made him quiver — Then he slept. And
then again woke. And now he was hunting again;
but not among dark men in leather gaiters. There
were tassels & jewellers. A lady all beflowered &
jewel sprinkled sat on a red palfrey. He slept
again. Again he woke. A very cheerful childish face
was close to his. But a loud voice bawled
[illegible] & she left him He was scampering over
English meadows. Suddenly, someone lifted him;
& wrapped him with shawls; & he ~~nest~~ was hidden

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from the light of day. And then he smelt beef roasting. And then he saw Miss Barrett, very pale, on the sofa. And then time passed — endless aeons of time. And then he was imprisoned — And then he was in a Whitechapel hell. But there was Miss Barrett at the window. Miss Barrett — Miss Barrett! And then they were going up Wimpole Street in a bath chair — And then they were on a ship. And then — (he slept again. And behold — she was on a rock in the midst of rushing water; he sprang to her across the river. And here he lifted his paw & she stroked it from her sofa. And then he slept again. The shadows were troubling him: Mr & Mr Browning knelt beside him with a razor — Mr Browning clipped his coat. And then; was that Mr Carlyle? He felt violently sick. What a noise the people made singing under the window! Now the street was lit: & then, here was a baby pulling his ears. He shook them. And here, at last was Miss Barrett bending over him, & they were together alone on a June day among the grass & rushes of Marylebone.

— Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey. Elizabeth Barrett Browning in a church in Florence. Flush lies in the vaults beneath the Casa Guidi & above him rooms.

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29th Feb
1932

Robinson Crusoe.

There are many ways of approaching ~~these~~ this classical
volumes, & which shall we choose? Shall we
begin by saying that since Sidney died at Zutphen
leaving the Arcadia unfinished great changes had come
over English life, & ~~were reflected in~~ over English prose?
A ~~The~~ middle class had ~~become articulate~~ come into
existence, able to read, & ~~longing~~ anxious to read ~~about itself~~?
not about the loves of princes & princesses but about ~~business~~ men &
themselves & their humdrum lives? Prose had lost its
frills & furbelows & become 'close, naked, natural', & fitter to
express the truth of things than the poetry. That is ~~not~~ then
certainly one way of approaching Robinson Crusoe; ~~but~~
~~but before we choose it,~~ but ~~no sooner~~ there is also
another: ~~for~~ through ~~his life~~ ~~Defoe was a~~ ~~born either in 1660~~ or
the life of the author. ~~Defoe was born~~ And here, in the delightful heavenly
in ~~1661. he was a~~
pastures of biography, we may spend many more
hours than are need to read Robinson Crusoe from
cover to cover. The date of his birth is doubtful: was
it 1660 or 1661? Then again, did he spell his
name in one word or in two? And who were his
ancestors? Was he ever in love, & what were
his relations with Harley Godolphin & the Whigs?
Is his house still standing & what are our
emotions when we visit his grave? Nobody
who has any acquaintance with English literature
needs to be told that many lives can be spent. —
have been spent, delightfully in ~~the~~ tracing the growth
development of English & fiction, & in
verifying the facts of in these ~~pursuits~~ in

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in tracing the ~~development~~ growth of the novel, in examining the lives of novelists. Only now & then, as we turn from theory to biography, & from biography ~~back again~~ to theory, a doubt insinuates itself. If one

However we may wind & wriggle, loiter & dally in our approach to books, a lonely battle waits us at the end. ~~There is~~ ~~The book itself awaits~~ There ~~is the book itself~~. is a piece of business to be transacted between writer & reader before any further dealings are possible & to be reminded in the middle of this that Defoe's prose owed much to the Spectator, or that ~~the story of~~ Robinson Crusoe is founded upon the adventures of Alexander Selkirk is a distraction & a worry. ~~We do not want details: however seductive~~: ~~For we have~~ to master. Our first task is to master his perspective.

curious silent adventure

Shakespeare's hair was brown, or that he sold stockings,

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Robinson Crusoe, it may be is a case in point.
It is a masterpiece, & it is a masterpiece largely
because Defoe has throughout kept consistently true to
his own sense of ~~proportion~~ perspective. ~~From the~~
~~first words~~ When he lifts his pen he is in complete control of his mind. ~~with the first word~~
~~on the first page. he knows~~ on ~~the first page~~ he
is ~~such complete control of his orchestra~~ that
~~No writter ever seems~~ ~~From the first page~~ An
attitude is assumed with the first sentence on the
first page & ~~everything that follows serves to~~
is in keeping, ~~until at last we are brought~~ to
~~believe~~ whether the shrewd elderly man who tells the
story is Defoe or another. He is shrewd, elderly, –
middle class. He disapproves of extravagance. He
deprecates exaggeration. He respects the conventions.
~~He~~ Thus we are induced to believe that ~~whatever~~
he tells us will be strictly true; & ~~that if anything~~ he
~~will be inclined to underrate the~~ that he is more
inclined to underrate than to overstate. ~~He~~ takes
~~plain statements, & matter of fact judgments.~~ ~~to theories~~
~~has no eye for appearances: he prefers fact to theories~~
~~Thus instead of~~ His style is perfectly adapted to
this method. It is plain, clear, & matter of fact in
~~the extreme.~~ It is a robust simple middle class way.
~~When a storm rages,~~ ~~Then the most violent adventures~~
Not a word of description is wasted. When a storm
rages he uses the most ordinary words "the
sea went mountains high & broke upon us
every three or four minutes" — ~~but~~ &
goes on to say how the foremast was cut away;
~~when at last~~ ~~In the utmost crisis he~~ by recording
He conveys a sense of desolation & death
that all his fellows were drowned, there came
ashore three hats, one cap, & two shoes that were

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not fellows. ~~It is impossible to catch him tripping~~. He heaps up catalogues of facts; he ~~gives the~~ makes us count barrels; we ~~are~~ take inventories of biscuits; we know precisely how much rum there is, & how long it will last: ~~solid objects~~ never were there so many ~~jam~~ jars & casks & kegs & axes & knives, scissors & hatchets; in any book before: never were they so solid, so real, or indeed so objects of such dignity & importance. ~~And~~. ~~This detail, this dulness~~ The sober detail is at first this air of an approved middle class man going to sea, when he had been far better following his father business at home, is at first oppressive. ~~Our~~ We are thwarted & flouted at every turn; & not only in matters of detail. The subject – a man alone on a desert island –

Let us look at the theme itself, largely & loosely, first. The ~~theme~~ story is that of a man who finds himself alone upon a desert island. ~~The mere hint~~ ~~of~~ The mere hint of adventures & solitude & desert islands is enough to rouse in us who have read the Tempest & the Arcadia a vision of far blue lands, ~~of a~~ & sunrises & sunsets; of a man, isolated from his kind, driven back upon nature, ~~a~~ reflecting in solitude profoundly upon the ~~&~~ society, & the soul. ~~Some such idea as this~~ ~~is~~ That in outline, is the sort of book it may be ~~that~~ ~~lies~~ floats ~~before us up seeking confirmation as we~~ before ~~the mind~~ our eyes, ~~tempting~~ &c. ~~& calls~~ requiring confirmation. ~~So we read on proceed~~ We are rudely contradicted. The outline is false in every detail & has to be corrected at every turn.

after many perils & adventures

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~~Our own~~ ~~We are compelled~~ to drop our own fancies ~~by~~
~~the~~ to drop

Let us then go back to the beginning. "I was born in the
year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family" —
~~It~~ ~~that~~ this is clear; know precisely who I am, that am telling
this story. I am, ~~he~~ fortunately a middle class man,
placed in the middle of two extremes, between the mean & the
great. All extremes appear to him ~~p~~ of doubtful value;
he enjoys & admires the middle class virtues:
temperance, moderation, quietness, health. The
middle class man is "not embarass'd with the labours of the
hand or of the head, not sold to the life of slavery for
daily bread, or harass'd with perplex'd circumstances which
rob the soul of peace, & the body of rest." —
Thus when this cautious shrewd moderate being
~~is hav~~ bitten afflicted with a desire for adventure it is by ~~ed~~
~~me~~ a ~~deplorable eccentricity~~; ~~&~~ meets with ~~adventures~~
It is not in the with storms, with savages, is
imprisoned, & buffeted about we can believe every
~~word he says~~. he meets them with perfect common sense:
he finds them highly disagreeable; & his tendency is
to emphasise the extreme discomfort of a storm not of
its ~~splendour~~ discomfort. ~~Bu~~ ~~And the~~ ~~No great artist~~ could
~~have been~~ ~~so~~ And soon it appears ~~that we are~~ that this perfectly
~~the~~ No ~~great artist could have~~ natural & convincing portrait of humanity ~~he~~ has
been made ~~with a care~~ ~~delib~~ with all the
deliberation of a great artist; ~~in order to~~ no
whatever happens is seen consistently through these
shrewd middle mercantile eyes. ~~B~~ And yet this
And it is for this ~~very~~ reason that ~~before long we are~~
completely he has us completely at his mercy.
A flamboyant ~~adventurous~~ description would could

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This plain countryman is

We feel that he mentions everything he sees. He is naturally cautious, apprehensive, conventional. Whatever he sees therefore we may be sure happened exactly as he saw it. He is incapable of exaggeration. He notices, we feel, only a tenth part of the wonders of his situation. When the storm rages he is either very sick, or busily employed in cutting away the mast, or perfunctorily offering up a prayer to God. Then, before we know it, we are induced to open our mouths wider & wider. We are accepting marvels as a matter of course that we should have sniffed at if they had been offered us with more art. But how can we disbelieve this plain man? We begin to see, over his shoulder, a great deal more than he sees. We watch him verifying every fact: we count the barrels & the casks; we reckon up how many nails he has & axes & saws: We note that the lump of beeswax is not nearly as large on page twenty three because he has made candles out of it in the intervening space. We should never catch him tripping, any more than we should catch him tripping with the change had he sold us stockings behind the counter. And then he has only to give one glance at the sky & say "in the grey of the morning" for us to see that windy dawn with a start of rapture. He has only to sit at his table only to record how were washed up for a

8. "to feel the desolation of the island" how all these men are dead. He has only to say that he sat at a

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And so by *dint* ~~means of fastening upon the fact~~ —
~~giving~~ ~~strictly~~ ~~telling the truth~~, of heaping up on us with
solid objects, — knives, casks, hatchets,

hatchets, scissors, axes, logs, pipes, twine, —

~~And so by~~ we

& so by *dint* ~~just~~ of telling the truth ~~about as he sees~~ it,
~~by being~~ by ~~giving effect~~ to ~~his~~ exactly as it ~~appe~~
appears to him, he comes in the end to make
common actions serious, & common objects beautiful.
~~A supreme sense of~~ No shadow is allowed to
mitigate the solidity of any object. Interjection,
introspection, rhapsodies about the beauties & terrors
of nature would have weakened the massive
effect of fact. His efficient plain prose becomes
singularly satisfactory. When the longing
for human companionship overcomes him,
he ~~describes it by~~ It is enough for him to
describe the effect upon the body for us to realise
the effect upon the mind. His longing for human
companionship is ~~given by~~ expressed by
When he realises that all the men in the ship
that has after many years been wrecked on his island
are dead, he expresses his longing for human society
after the ~~cr~~ cry 'O that it had been but one!'
by ~~saying~~ & describing the physical effect —
"My hands would clench together, & my fingers
press the palms of my hands, that if I had any soft
thing in my hand, it would have crush'd it
involuntarily; & my teeth in my head would
strike together, & set against one another so strong,"
that for some time I would not part them again"

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Sat
March
5th

Dorothy Osborne.

It must sometimes strike the casual reader of English literature that there is a bare season in it, something like early spring in our own countryside. The trees stand out; the hills lie, unmuffled with green; there is nothing to obscure the mass of the earth, or the lines of the branches. But we miss ~~the that~~ the tremor & stir & rustle & quiver of June, when the smallest ~~copse~~ wood seems full of movement, & when we have only to stand still in order to hear whispering breathing pattering, & streams gurgling, as if the whole place were alive with small leaves, & birds crouching, & nimble inquisitive animals, rustling going about their affairs in the undergrowth. So in English literature we have to wait till the sixteenth century is over & the seventeenth well on its way before literature becomes ~~vocal,~~ ~~so~~ full voices, ~~before we hear~~ full of ~~voices~~ stir & movement, & we can fill in the space between the great books with ~~the~~ the voices of people talking.

Doubtless ~~what~~ Eager great changes in ~~human~~ human psychology were needed, ~~so that they could write in~~ & ~~what material~~ changes, ~~in the~~ ~~so that they could~~ ~~also in material things~~ ~~comfort & meet with ease ease~~ ~~so that they could~~ before it was ~~possib~~ possible for men to ~~note & each~~ think each other behaviour ~~so~~ so ~~curious that~~ of ~~such interest~~ that so interesting that they could write lives of ~~bad~~ ~~people &~~ of their friends; & further changes — in comfort, in ease of communication — were needed before the art of letter writing could ~~were~~ be born. ~~the factors~~ And it may be that something of the ~~due to the fact~~ ~~magnificence~~ of our early literature is

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owes something of its magnificence to the fact that
writing was an uncommon art; ~~to~~ practised only by
those whose gift impelled them; ~~for~~ And perhaps the
dissipation of our gifts in so many channels - biography,
journalism, letterwriting, gossip - has ~~brought about~~
~~some impoverishment~~ weakened its strength in any one
direction. ~~However this may be, the letter writing~~
~~genius of the English~~ When words are worth a
guinea or two a thousand they run more freely
than they did when they had no monetary worth
whatever. However this may be, the letters of the
Pastons are sober business letters; Donne's letters are
letters of ceremony; Drummond's table talk leaves
out almost all that we want to know; &
Even ~~as late as the middle of the seventeenth century~~ a
very ~~clever woman like Dorothy Osborne~~
the great ladies - Lady Bedford, Lady Pembroke, Lady
Anne Clifford & Mrs Herbert - hold ~~personally~~
~~the art of letter writing in scorn; & if they~~ to
who were later in the eighteenth century
provide us with so much pleasure - never either
wrote so glibly - to their agents, their dependants,
or so furtively, without setting their names to their
writing - that we ~~can~~. ~~know nothing of what their~~ poets
~~thought of their poets, but only what their~~ poets
~~thought of them~~. are completely in ignorance of their
Lady Bedford it may be,
loves & characters. Lady Pembroke perhaps
: Lady Pembroke
wrote
added some chapters to her brother's Arcadia;
what Donne thought of Lady Bedford we know; we ~~shall~~
but what Lady Bedford thought of Donne, we
never be ~~able to~~ even surmise. Hence, though
Car the omission ~~matter nothing to~~ ~~our~~ leaves the
value of Donne's poetry untouched, we are
completely in the dark as to some points in his character.
because, though we know, in general what Donne means or
thought of Lady Bedford we have known means
Knowing what Ly Bedford
thought of Donne.

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And of ~~though~~ the made it impossible

~~These conditions~~ But conditions that ~~prevented~~ as for Horace Walpole
made it impossible for ~~Shakespeare to be a Boswell~~ to be born in
the ~~seventeenth century~~, or ~~for Horace Walpole made it~~
Seventeenth century ~~we need only use our imaginations~~
~~to~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~conditions made it far more impossible~~ for
~~such~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~conditions made it~~ & make it vain to
~~look~~ for ~~any imaginative~~ plays or poems by
they ~~[illegible]~~ had ~~far greater~~ completely annihilated
the Jane Austen & ~~the~~ Charlotte Brontë. For
in addition ~~to the~~ were obviously likely to fall
with far heavier weight upon the other sex.
~~In addition~~ In addition to the difficulties of
writing — Dennis's small house at Mitcham with its
thin walls & crying children may stand as the
type of the physical discomfort under which
Elizabethans lived their domestic life — the woman,
believed also that to writing ~~was~~ was an unfeminine,
~~cat, suggestion~~ unseemly act. ~~Only madcaps,~~
~~like the crazy Duchess of Newcastle wrote books.~~
True, there might be a great lady here & there,
whose rank secured her the adulation of a
servile ~~mob of~~ & the dependant. She might
scribble & publish her scribblings. But the
the act was one that ~~was~~ seemed ~~unseemly~~ [illegible] to a
~~decor~~ ~~the~~ the modest & sensitive of a lower station:
~~Thus to Dorothy Osborne, writing in 1654,~~
"Sure the poor woman is a little distracted"
Dorothy comments, when the Duchess of Newcastle
published a book. "If I should not sleep
this fortnight I should not come to that". ~~Yet~~
And the comment is all the more illuminating
because it is made by a woman who was
possessed of all these gifts which in our day
would have made her naturally a writer of books. She would
Had she been born a ~~hundred years earlier~~, ~~1664~~ 1527 instead of in
in 15~~54~~ ~~instead of in 1664~~ 1627

was impeded

It was for a long time
quite impossible to have
any dealings with
people who were so frank

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to make fun of the pomp-
ceremonies of the world,
to enjoy its ~~crowd~~ the subtlety
the comedy of private
life & became the wife of a
rising diplomat. He began his
career. She bore children. ||

she would never have written at all. But in 16~~5~~52 things had changed. Dorothy could not write a book; but she could write a letter. And so, at last, the silence is broken; we begin to hear the rustlings in the undergrowth; ~~we enter the English literature~~ ~~provides us~~ ~~begin to talk naturally~~ ~~& we begin to hear men~~ ~~women talking together~~. For the first time in English literature we hear men & women talking together.

But the art of letter writing ~~was~~ ~~not~~ not in its infancy was not the art that it has since become. The pen was still an unfamiliar instrument; ~~There was a formality about it &~~ ~~There was~~ a formality about it & the language was still too ~~stiff to~~ stiff for ~~the cuts & dashes &~~ to firm & swing ~~about easily~~ ~~flowing, darting~~ on half a sheet of notepaper, ~~&~~ But it was an art that a woman could practise. It was an art that could be carried on at odd moments, by a father's sick bed,

Such as it was, it was an

Yet it is an art that we can scarcely help deploring.

They were married, ~~&~~ & then?

The letters cease. ~~Her then~~ The subtle & amusing voice is silent. The woman who was so well fitted to ~~tell us~~ ~~comment~~ had shown herself so well fitted to comment to record, to make something out durable out of the passing moment ~~be~~ fell silent. ~~It was~~ ~~We must turn to her husbands life of with~~

so apt to engender its jealousy

Five children were born; five children died; often succeeded them. She presided over her husband's home at the Hague. It was noted for its magnificence select & ~~the cabbage~~ gets its fruit. She travelled sometimes to Brussels, sometimes to the Hague; was in Leeds, superintending her confinement during the plague.

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By 1668 she had a numerous family. She was at
Sheen, Enlarging our dominions. She was
By 1680 she had "lost seven children almost all
in their cradle"; she stayed on in London trying
to get the arrears of her husband's salary paid. She
behaved with courage when her yacht fired upon the
Dutch fleet. The King indeed said that she was
1. 350 more courageous than the captain. X Then she
found Sheen 'too public'. They retired to Moor Park.
2. 116 Temple gardened. Dorothy perhaps read, perhaps
wrote. But only one letter is preserved, & that is
merely full of diplomatic gossip, to her husband
some ~~vague talk of the misfortunes~~ ~~the only daughter~~
died. One of the surviving sons threw himself into the
Thames. There was a strain of melancholy in the
Osbornes— ~~But~~ And then, towards the end of her
life a strange young man came to live at Moor Park.
He was difficult & ill mannered & speak to note the ~~But~~ Swift's
vanity, the meanness, of his master. the last direct mention of
addressed to Temple contains
Dorothy Osborne. Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise &
great" he calls her; so that in default of
other testimony we can imagine her serenely
sauntering among the cherry trees & the yew hedges;
melancholy, full of memories, grown old;
~~But for these~~ ~~But it is with some regret~~
True, we enjoyed the benefits of the Triple Alliance &
of the Treaty of Breda: Dorothy was an admirable
wife, ~~doubtless~~ fit for a diplomat, & no doubt
~~All~~ adorned his table;— Still, it is
we could wish that the silence had been broken.
But for ... ever alas, silent. The letters she might have
written ~~are part of the prose~~ ~~to pay for the~~
had the ~~cost~~ ~~never~~ remained solitary & unmarried

Deny of all of the 41 forty years of their married life—

Speak to recent ... ?

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And her ~~success as an Ambassadors~~ wife,
And though there is every reason to think that she made
an admirable Ambassadress, — her husband's table
was well spread — & was famous for the splendour of its
plate & its fruit — there are moments of weakness
when we ~~[illegible] perhaps~~ would exchange the
benefits of the Triple Alliance & the Treaty of
Nimeguen for a ~~dozen~~ volumes of ~~perfect~~ letters

~~She ceased to~~ For us, she died when she became the wife of
Temple.
that Dorothy Osborne cd. have written
the letters that Dorothy might have written.

~~[illegible]~~ This then was more or less the case when
I came to the point — which was rather to be
deplored. For what sense could there be in a
very small number of

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the whole of ~~this~~ the world, that Dorothy had brought into
being, is extinguished. And then we realise, ~~with~~
how, as time went by, ~~her pen had~~ her powers had
grown; how easily & naturally she had come
to manipulate her pen; how naturally she was
coming to practise the letter writer's art,
~~running on from thing to thing~~, ~~writing haphazardly~~,
letting one idea suggest another, writing haphazardly
as she sat up by her father, snatching the back of an
old letter to write on, ~~& so~~. By degrees ~~bringing~~
~~before us naturally the~~ ~~making us aware not~~
~~only of characters~~ – Cousin Molle, Sir Justinian,
Lady Diana Rich are all in being. This
haphazard, natural comment, has its own attractions
power to suggest; to ~~leave~~ hint; to leave us
with a hint to drop a seed into the imagination
that grow naturally. ~~until we are~~ how
a ~~wealth in being~~. And And more than
that, ~~we can~~ she has suggested deeper
& ~~more~~ ~~&~~ & stranger relationships: her
broken jealousy; her own fitful melancholy:
here we are realising the capacity of our
ancestors to feel profoundly irrationally,
to suffer, to get all our own ~~...~~
~~[illegible]~~ pleasure from a garden at
night, from a letter, from a thinking brook – we
never having or a common,
are deep in this world, which is
with all its possibilities; when in a moment
silence & darkness. The same is blotted out.

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The letters almost immediately cease. The whole of the world that Dorothy had

Then naturally, her youth a lack, how a description, she had dropped

how sweet it was to ramble in the garden at night, to lose oneself in thought by the river bank, to look long for a letter & find it — when she was in London, to be among her acquaintance during the fashion.

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The letters almost immediately cease. The whole of the world that Dorothy had

Then naturally, her gift is a fact; hers a discipline, she had dropped

how sweet to ramble in the garden at night, to lose oneself in thought by the river bank, to find time for a letter & spend it — when she was in London, sketching her lodgment. Dorothy the [illegible]

Flush

AUTHORITIES

It has to be admitted.

~~How~~ ~~But nobody~~ But from this brief list it will be that
~~seen how very slight our information about Flush~~
there ~~is~~ are very ~~little~~ few authorities for the life ~~[illegible]~~ Flush; ~~so~~
& that the biographer is constantly ~~faced~~ faced with the painful
~~dilemma~~ dilemma of having to ~~invent~~, or to imagine, possibly
~~to invent~~. ~~such~~ ~~If~~ if Johnson had never written a line of
opened his lips would have been the position of
Boswell. Much in the foregoing pages has no
authority at all. ~~No~~ ~~Much~~ would seem to
Flush himself. If Flush could speak, not so much
biography as fiction. Flush ~~if~~ cannot be denied
would contradict & indeed repudiate many of the
sentiments, many of the opinions attributed to him
by his biographer. But then Flush cannot speak; — &
~~& this biography is~~ ~~That is this [illegible]~~ ~~remained completely~~
~~his biographer~~ & if Johnson had remained
silent, his biographer ~~would~~

~~Two considerations have had their~~ ~~almost~~ The

~~to~~ In view of the very meagre list of authorities it may
perhaps be asked whether it was wise to attempt a
biography which must lead the biographer
to the painful necessity of drawing upon her
imagination. ~~Ca~~ ~~what~~ If Flush could speak, &
alone can, it may be said, he would contradict, indeed
repudiate many of the opinions attributed to him in
the text.

~~But~~ Two considerations have had weight with
us in attempting a difficult, nay an impossible —
perhaps an altogether improper task. The first is
simply, that since lives have to be written: ~~everybody~~ life
~~obscure or offensive has by this time been~~ Clearly
~~lives must by discovered. Lives are showing signs of running short~~
lives must by are
the time is coming. It has not come already,

If Flush could speak

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there will be no more lives to write.

~~when the biographer will have to write the life of~~ the supply of
~~Carlyle's cook's cousin: & this~~ gentlemen & ladies who were
authentic cousins of Carlyle's cook will give out. ~~one who~~ says
Then ~~what~~ who will remain to write about? to ~~survey~~ the
dismal prospect, ~~only one hitherto un~~ it is plain
that in the course of a few years we shall have to have seen
descend to the animals. Lives of famous race horses
will come first; next there will be lives of champion
bulls; ~~then dogs~~; & finally we shall have a
series dealing with the more obscure animals —
exemplary sheep, tender hearted cows, & pigs ~~which~~
whose lives, ~~obscure doubtless, but since the lives~~
a ~~fit subject for biography.~~ have been spent
~~in one~~ ~~pen from~~ entirely in the sty. Thus we
are only anticipating what will be, in a few years,
the rule, & perhaps the rage: ~~when the records~~

~~The~~ ~~But~~ there is ~~another reason & after~~ one
The second reason is of
that is less ~~whitebread~~. ~~Dogs~~ ~~Nobody can deny~~ that
more gallant nature. played a great part in human
Dogs have at ~~all times~~ in all ages played a great part in Homer's Odyssey.
life. ~~The thing has~~ [See ~~Odyssey~~. Homer's Odyssey. ~~But~~ No student of
Dante's Divine ~~Comedy~~] literature can ~~persist~~ fail to be aware that dogs
have ~~always~~ played a great part in ~~human life~~. literature.
There are dogs in Homer, dogs in Shakespeare, dogs ~~in~~
~~here there & everywhere~~. Galsworthy. ~~But~~
~~Dogs in fact~~ ~~There~~ ~~But there are also dogs in~~
But let alone these fictitious dogs, there are
dogs in life. ~~Scott has~~ A few famous names at
once come to mind — Camp & Maida: Keeper; —
Nero: — to mention no more. ~~But when we~~
~~But~~ ~~And~~ ~~There~~ are we, even now, ~~going to~~ ~~pretending~~
persist in our anthropomorphic delusion,
that animals, are merely extensions of our own
identity? ~~As~~ Can we persist in saying
that a dog is merely a snout or a paw
which the Almighty neglected to fix on the
human frame? up to the present moment

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It would seem so. When we turn to the D.N.B. we find no Keeper; we find Keepe, an antiquary. We find but not Keeper. Under the N we find Nesta (c. 1095 c 1114) mistress of Henry the 1st but not Nero; we find under the M; we find Maidment, [illegible] and another antiquary 1795?—1879) but not Maida. Perhaps the pride of man has given no more glaring proof of its monstrous egotism. The dog has no independent existence he is merely an appendage, an addition organ for the expression of some human emotion.

No generous heart can face this fact without wishing to remedy it. ~~And here, it must be~~ ~~No body of ordinary [illegible] can but~~ Nor can we doubt that here we are doing acting as the dogs so [illegible] would have us. "I give you full liberty"—one can almost hear them say" to misinterpret me: but rescue me from this limbo of [illegible] glance: [illegible] see me as I am: And then, getting [illegible] the dog captures— [illegible] look some [illegible], the [illegible] people talk about ~~dogs~~ are the most generous— I open the life of B...

Enough—enough. Such was the sanction that led us to undertake a life in which, with one or two exceptions, there is probably not one word of truth.

—

But with regard to the human beings it is very different. Mr & Mrs Browning are authentic people. Every effort has been made to respect their authenticity.

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Mr & Mrs Browning both wrote & spoke, & therefore every
Effort has been made to respect their words.
~~Mr Both have~~ There are only three departures from
that accuracy. There is no record that Miss Barrett three times been
said is made to exclaim Oh Flush: once Mr. Browning
p. .. Oh Flush, [p] ~~or that she said~~
Mr. Browning. [p.] No words are put into
Mr Browning's mouth save those that he actually
spoke.

p: ~~transparent blind~~: Mrs Miss B's calls her ~~own description~~
~~of her~~ blind 'a transparent blind': Opinions differ
as to ~~the~~ what she may have meant. Some hold
that the pictures were painted in some thin work
metallic substance: others that they were
embroidered. Devotees of the first explanation
point out that ~~it~~ she speaks of the sun
'lighting up the Castle.' They maintain that the sun

p: pillar box. It is said that pillar boxes were
invented by Anthony Trollope in the year 1851.
If this is so, the reader will be well advised
to ~~obliterate the mention~~ erase the mention of pillar boxes —
p: but ~~to be is right~~ there is no reason
why he should not believe in the pillar box or

page [

p. Mr Kenyon had lost his two front teeth —
Mr K- mumbled slightly ... because he had
lost 2 front teeth

~~Mr That~~ That Mr. K. had lost two
front teeth is ~~conjectural~~. to some extent
conjectural; ~~As~~ & depends upon the

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Evidence of Miss Mitford. ~~[illegible]~~ In conversation with Mr Horne she is recorded to have ~~said [illegible]~~

As we have it ~~upon~~ certain that Mr Kenyon was the only man who was allowed in her room, it is safe to say that Mr —— was Mr Kenyon. ~~But More~~ whether it was Kenyon or ~~not~~ another, the ~~[illegible]~~ there can be little doubt, according to Miss M. — that the mumbling gravely affected Miss Barrett's poetry, & was the cause. The ~~{}~~ reason ~~[illegible]~~ for the defective rhymes wh. Miss Barrett ~~[illegible]~~ employed. ~~Than the charge~~ If ~~we are thus~~ if we accept her opinion, we are forced to lay the blame of ~~island & angels & candles, of panther &~~ such rhymes as "bewildering & "filled in" upon the Mr K's front teeth. On the other hand Miss B. defended hotly in a letter wh. we commend to critics who are ~~[illegible]~~ inclined to credit either ~~the no teeth theory~~ or the theory that Mr K had no teeth or that Miss Barrett had no ear. She makes out

Island & silence (margin)

angels & candles

[Horne vol. ~~[illegible]~~ 2. 118]

probably that "I have worked at poetry — it has not been with me reverie, but art." Her rhymes, she says she was never careless.

#120 (margin)

"A great deal of attention — far more than it would take to rhyme with careless accuracy — have I given to the subject of rhymes, & have determined in cold blood to hazard some experiments." Her argument was seems to be that there are not enough rhymes in the

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the English language. The ear may be satisfied even by a recurring vowel. Experiment has become necessary; & nobody who has studied Mrs B's life can fail to grant that ~~of~~ the war ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ there was nothing she liked better than breaking down barriers. Thus we can either lay the blame on Mr Kingsley's ~~lot~~ letter; or hail Mrs B as one of the pioneers & forerunners ~~of our~~ modern poetry, according to our own temperament.

p] Lily Wilson fell in love with Signor Righi the guardsman. The life of Lily Wilson is obscure in the extreme & seems to cry aloud for the services of a biographer. Nothing is more tantalising than the ~~apparent~~ fragment apparition of Wilson, ~~& her fragment~~ except her disappearance. No figure in the Browning letters more excites our interest & more baffles it. Her Christian name was Lily; ~~she was~~ her surname Wilson — that is all we know. after birth & upbringing — whether she was the daughter of a small farmer in Shropshire ~~or not~~, & became known to the Barrett family by the simplicity of her manners & cleanliness of her apron when they lived at Hope End it is impossible to say. She was in service as Mrs B's maid in the year . . She was an expensive servant. She was ~~paid £16 wages~~, ~~She~~ had £16 a year in wages. To ~~give any~~ ~~description~~ discuss of her appearance, let alone ~~to trace the development~~ of her ~~opinions~~ character is out of the question — since she spoke almost as seldom as Flush, & yet, by virtue of the few remarks she made, it is impossible not to credit her with ~~a character~~ being, in the first place, one of those silent, demure, almost inhumanly correct British maids who were

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at that time the glory of the English basement. Many one upheld the forms of life — & insisted upon the observance of ~~the pudding~~ rites, ~~the room~~ of the 'room', of the pudding, of the & of all those other rites which are now almost unknown it was Wilson. Her she threatened indeed to become a martinet as ~~she~~ her conduct proves when she beat Flush 'because it is right'. ~~But~~ Normally she would have ~~strolled~~ gone ~~as in mall & more~~ ~~respectable~~ from respectability to respectability, & marched to the end that there was only one way of doing Miss Barretts curls — to wit, her own. But then fate intervened. She was forced to go to Marry ... at Marylebone at the peril of her life. She behaved just as the respectable Wilson would have behaved: But now fate had reversed seven tests for her; she passed them triumphantly. Wilson came out very much better than she expected in the Elopements crisis. She left her basement, her room, her pudding in the most gallant manner; exchanging London, which was to her far more than London can ever be to anybody again — for never again will anyone think of London as a limpet thinks of its rock — for the wild savagery, debauchery & discomfort of a foreign land. ~~There~~ ~~At first she~~ maintained This plain that she was almost overcome by the reversal of all her standards — she hated the Italians, she despised the Count, & she was taken with Heavy Sick at the ~~in Corse~~ perhaps in consequence. But then she fell in love with the guardsman. Next she learnt Italian; She did not marry him. She married finally, now completely Italianate Mr B. took over to London & when Mr B. ... to be his servants. Very perhaps altar ... was deputed to be ... her wages were raised to £30 ... for Mr Landor threw his dinner out of the window: ~~Finally~~ ~~Then again like the~~ But, ~~her face~~ though wealth, many glimpses of the ... it is through clouds: they hide her completely for many years. — at last she is

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Disloned still living in 1897 in both Benson home in Venice —
the Palazzo Rezzonico. It is tempting to imagine what
Wilson — thought on a summer evening in Venice,
about the year 1900: But ~~the~~ ~~temptat~~ the temptation
must be how, grown old, still speaking Italian with a
slight accent, she went recalled Wimpole St: & Wimpole St: &
Mr Landor & Miss Barrett & Mr Browning's visits &
the painted blind, & the bank, & ~~then~~ Mr Landor
throwing the plate out of the window & compared
her life with what it promised to be, when, about the
year 1820 she ~~[illegible]~~ to picked cowslips in Shropshire &
~~was~~ & ~~was~~ was sent into service, & hoped one day
to inherit a small room in Pimlico under a
~~picture~~ ... It is tempting, but the temptation
must be trodden under —

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was wrong.

The authority for this is

~~Flush~~ There is no reason to think that Flush died on one
day rather than another. The last reference to him
is in : & the ~~last~~ ~~words~~ ~~by~~
~~about~~ & the final reference to him is to be found in

P.

"Flush lived to a good old age & is buried in
the vaults of ~~the~~ Casa Guidi"
So that the eighteen who pass to decipher the
inscription that is let into the wall
may (if she likes) reflect that while she
B lies in the & R in W A.
Flush, ~~who lies~~ there, in the home where they
lived, the Red Cocker Spaniel still lies
couchant.

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But Accordg to

~~Briefly~~, Aristotle ~~held that~~ if a dog were stolen 3 times the amateur might request the author to condense those three ~~[illegible]~~ stealings into one. This has been done. Flush was in fact stolen three times. ~~Miss Barrett paid £20 for the~~ The sum that Miss Barrett paid is

But when

The arrangement however did not run smoothly. ~~[illegible]~~ Rigby had a brother who was a wholesale haberdasher at Bristol. He hardly seems to have become a retail haberdasher at Bristol. ~~Why that it But~~ And for some reason, ~~whether~~ he did not call or write as often as she should have done. But what conduct it was on the part of this once impeccable & splendid man, that led Mr Browning to ~~How could Wilson is over~~ exclaim in 1850

[Wilson] is over at Camps . . .

this imperative today. In 1855 W. married R. & the Bs married; ~~& in 1859~~ a good tender hearted man. In 1859 Mr B. 'accepted office as Landor's guardian' & it was arranged that the ~~Bs~~. Wilson ~~should~~ ' he sho. lodge with the Bs ~~should be~~ ". She was to write 'Wilson for a dinner' & whatever Receive ~~20~~ 22 pounds a year & whatever left of the ration." ~~He~~ As Landor was in the habit of throwing ~~the~~ his plate on the floor if the dish did not please him, the place was no sinecure; & the wages were increased to 30 a year: rightly, for there

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Mo coarden & refined ~~Lauder~~ "of [illegible] [illegible] he has
rather gran, & of [illegible] [illegible] mere gran"
Then he [illegible] dark [illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible]
his [illegible], & [illegible] servants of [illegible] his [illegible].
~~Wilson~~ In short he has' the [illegible] of the tiger!